

WHOLESALE HORROR

The Most Shocking
Photos Ever Shot

THE DAY THE SKY CAVED IN

WHY SEX FIENDS RUN WILD!

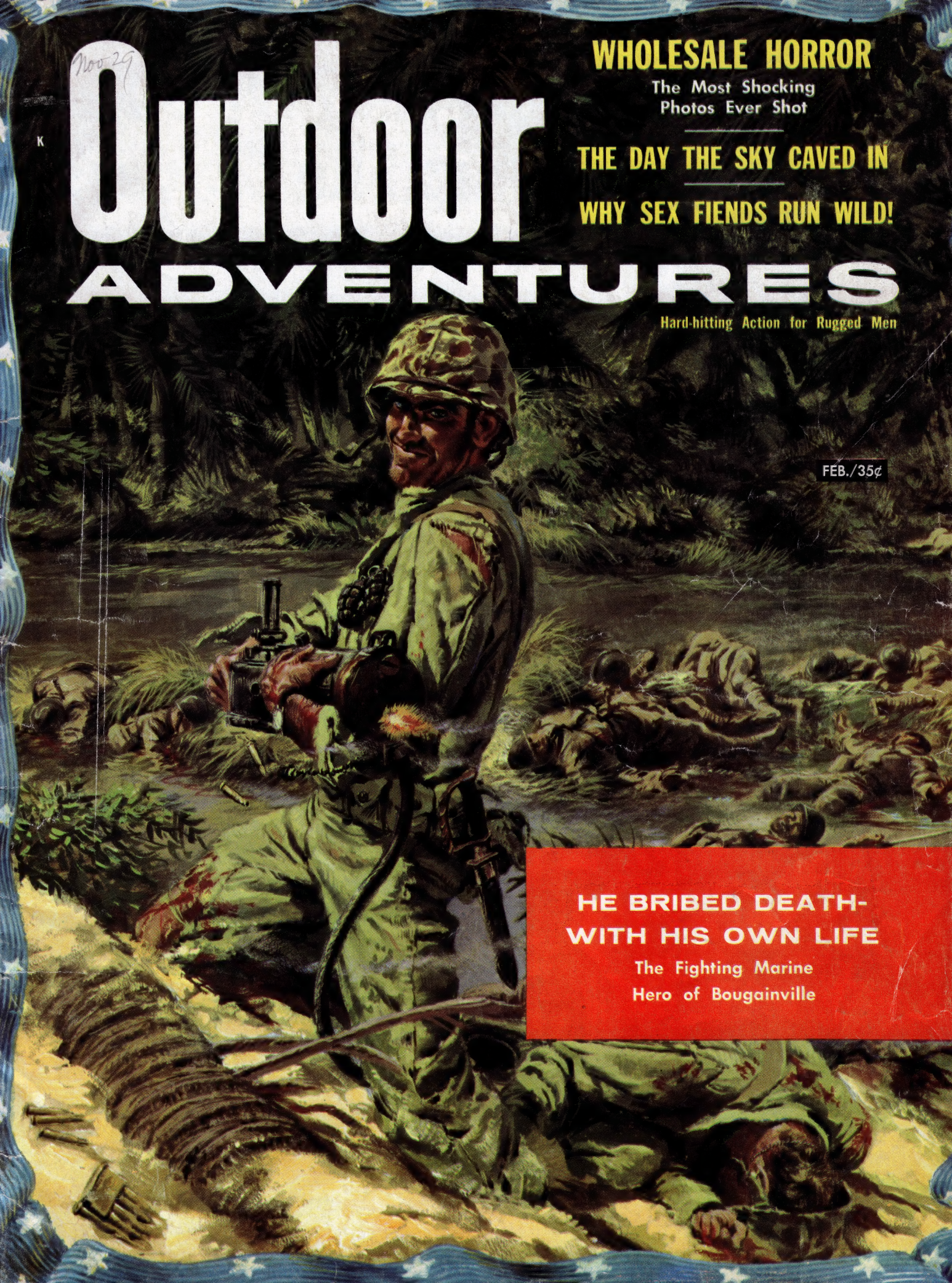
Outdoor ADVENTURES

Hard-hitting Action for Rugged Men

FEB./35¢

**HE BRIBED DEATH-
WITH HIS OWN LIFE**

The Fighting Marine
Hero of Bougainville



Are You Giving Your Wife The Companionship She Craves?



YOU may be giving your wife all the love and care you are able to. You may have given her a good home, security, many of the conveniences all women yearn for. But is she completely satisfied? Are you giving her what she most expected on the day that you married her? Are you giving her the full companionship of the man she loves?

Or are you always "too tired" at the end of a day's work? Do you come home from work with only the "left-overs" of your vitality for your wife and family? Is time catching up with you *too fast* . . . at work, at play?

If so, your condition may simply be due to a common vitamin and mineral deficiency in your diet. Yes, *you may be well-fed, but poorly nourished.* The food you eat may just not contain the necessary amounts of vitamins and minerals to keep you healthy and vigorous. You owe it to yourself to find out whether a food supplement such as VITASAFE capsules can restore the youthful feeling you'd like to have. And you can find out at *absolutely no cost* by taking advantage of this sensational free offer!

FREE 30 DAYS SUPPLY HIGH POTENCY CAPSULES

LIPOTROPIC FACTORS, MINERALS and VITAMINS

You pay only 25¢ to help cover postage and shipping expense to anywhere in the U.S.A

Safe Nutritional Formula Containing 25 Proven Ingredients: Choline, Inositol, Methionine, 11 Vitamins (Including Blood-Building B-12 and Folic Acid) Plus 11 Minerals.

EACH DAILY C. F. CAPSULE CONTAINS:

Choline Bitartrate	31.4 mg.	Vitamin B ₂	2.5 mg.	Iron	30 mg.
Inositol	15 mg.	Vitamin B ₆	0.5 mg.	Cobalt	0.04 mg.
dl-Methionine	10 mg.	Vitamin B ₁₂	1 mcg.	Copper	0.45 mg.
Vitamin A	12,500 USP Units	Niacin Amide	40 mg.	Manganese	0.5 mg.
Vitamin D	1,000 USP Units	Calcium	4 mg.	Molybdenum	0.1 mg.
Vitamin C	75 mg.	Pantothenate	4 mg.	Iodine	0.075 mg.
Vitamin B ₁	5 mg.	Vitamin E	2 I.U.	Potassium	2 mg.
		Folic Acid	0.5 mg.	Zinc	0.5 mg.
		Calcium	75 mg.	Magnesium	3 mg.
		Phosphorus	58 mg.		

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or someone
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to new health
and happiness!

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\$5.00



you may feel after a few days' trial! Just one of these capsules each day supplies your body with over *twice* the minimum adult daily requirements of Vitamins A, C and D . . . *five times* the minimum adult daily requirement of Vitamin B-1 and the *full concentration* recommended by the National Research Council for the other four important vitamins! Each capsule contains the amazing Vitamin B-12—one of the most remarkably potent nutrients science has yet discovered—a vitamin that actually helps strengthen your blood and nourish your body organs.

POTENCY AND PURITY GUARANTEED

There is no mystery to vitamin potency. As you probably know, the U.S. Government strictly controls each vitamin manufacturer and requires the exact quantity of each vitamin and mineral to be clearly stated on the label. This means that the purity of each ingredient, and the sanitary conditions of manufacture are carefully controlled for your protection! And it means that when you use VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES you can be *sure* you're getting exactly what the label states . . . and that you're getting *pure* ingredients whose beneficial effects have been proven time and time again!

WHY WE WANT YOU TO TRY

A 30-DAY SUPPLY—FREE!

We offer you this 30-day free trial of valuable VITASAFE C.F. CAPSULES for just

one reason. So many persons have already tried them with such astounding results . . . so many people have written in telling us how much better they felt after only a short trial . . . that we are absolutely convinced that you, too, may experience the same feeling of health and well-being after a similar trial. In fact, we're so convinced that we're willing to back up our convictions with our own money. *You* don't spend a penny for the vitamins! All the cost and all the risk are *ours*. A month's supply of similar vitamin capsules would ordinarily cost \$5.00 retail.

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With your free vitamins you will also receive complete details regarding the benefits of an amazing new plan that provides you regularly with all the vitamins and minerals you will need. This Plan actually enables you to receive a 30-day supply of vitamins every month regularly, safely and factory fresh for exactly \$2.78—or 45% lower than the usual retail price. **BUT YOU DO NOT HAVE TO DECIDE NOW**—you are under no obligation to buy anything from us whatsoever. To get your free 30-day supply and learn all about the benefits of this amazing new Plan, be sure to send us the coupon today—the supply is limited.

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When you receive your free 30-day supply of vitamins, you are under no obligation to buy anything. With your vitamins you will also receive a handy postcard. If after taking your free Vitasafe capsules for three weeks you are not satisfied in every way, simply return the postcard and that will end the matter. Otherwise, it's up to us—you don't have to do a thing—and we will see that you get your monthly supplies of vitamins on time for as long as you wish, at the low, money-saving price of only \$2.78 per month.



VITASAFE CORP. 383-2
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Please send me free a 30-day supply of the proven VITASAFE C.F. (Comprehensive Formula) Capsules, under your money-saving plan. I am not under any obligation to buy additional vitamins, and after trying my free sample supply, I may accept the monthly benefits and substantial savings offered by the VITASAFE Plan, or if not fully satisfied will reject them simply by returning the postcard provided with my free supply. In any case, the trial month's supply of 30 VITASAFE Capsules is mine to use free.
I ENCLOSE 25¢ for packing and postage.

Name.....
Address.....
City.....Zone.....State.....
Offer limited to those who have never taken advantage of it. Only one trial supply per family.
IN CANADA: 223 Church St., Toronto 2, Ont.
Canadian Formula adjusted to local conditions.



© 1957 VITASAFE CORP., 43 West 61st St., New York 23, N.Y.



**SAMPLE
PUZZLE**

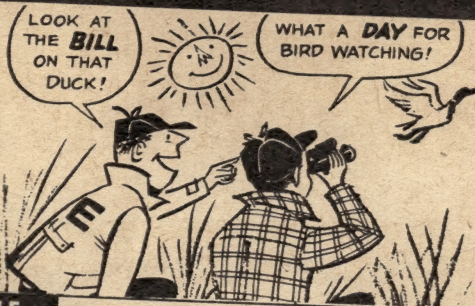
The Correct Answer is **ONE** Of These Names of Fame!
☐ Marco Polo ☐ Betsy Ross ☐ Genghis Khan ☐ Frank Buck

P O L O

THIS SAMPLE PUZZLE IS ALL WORKED OUT FOR YOU

SEE HOW MUCH FUN IT IS TO SOLVE!

This sample puzzle, as all our puzzles, has clues to help you reach the answer. First, study the cartoon. Here it shows one man saying **MARK**, and the other mentions the word **POLE**. The letter "O" is shown twice. What else can the answer be but **MARCO POLO**?



**PUZZLE
NO. ONE**

The Correct Answer is **ONE** Of These Names of Fame!
☐ Billy Sunday ☐ Robert Fulton ☐ Cotton Mather ☐ Ira Remsen

HERE IS YOUR FIRST PUZZLE!

Write Your Answer In Coupon Below • Mail It NOW!

JUST FOR SOLVING NAME OF FAME GAME PUZZLES

You may win your share of

\$40,000 IN CASH PRIZES

"NAME OF FAME" GAME!



1st PRIZE
AS MUCH AS
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PLUS 200 BIG CASH
AWARDS, SUCH AS:

2nd Prize.....\$5,000.00
 3rd Prize..... 2,500.00
 4th Prize..... 1,500.00
 5th Prize..... 1,000.00
 6th thru 10th ea. 200.00

Plus 190 additional
Cash Prizes

Grand Total \$40,000.00

Take a careful look at the two puzzles on this page. Can you solve them? You probably can... because there are no tricks or gimmicks to trip you up. Nothing but a challenge to your skill and common sense. And that's what you need to solve the puzzles in the wonderful **NAME OF FAME** Game Contest... offering you loads of exciting action, hours of fun and pleasure... and a chance at any one of 200

great cash awards totalling \$40,000.00 that must be paid!

All prizes paid promptly in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank. Enter now! And make yourself eligible to win a fabulous \$2,500.00 promptness bonus award along with the First Prize of \$22,500.00... a grand first prize total of \$25,000.00!

**FREE
GIFT**



To All Puzzle Entrants

The Puzzle Encyclopedia

Everyone who enters the National Contest Book Club Puzzle Contest receives this fascinating Puzzle Encyclopedia. Contains hundreds of quizzes, riddles, puzzles. Will give you many, many enjoyable hours.

PRIZES PAID PROMPTLY
In 2 years \$133,000.00 awarded from National Puzzle Contests

National Puzzle Contests have offered \$133,000.00 in prizes within the short space of 2 years! That's a whale of a lot of money! But now the National Contest Book Club... with prizes of an additional \$40,000... will raise that grand total to \$173,000.00! If you are 18 years of age or older and live in the U. S., Canada or a U. S. Possession, you are eligible to enter this fabulous contest. It is sponsored by the National Contest Book Club, Inc. All judging will be conducted in an impartial, impersonal manner to assure absolute equality of opportunity to all. All contestants will receive exact information on the outcome of the contest... including names of all winners, plus correct puzzle solutions. All prizes will be paid promptly, in full. All cash prizes are on deposit in a New York City Bank.

Paste Your Answer-Coupon On Postcard or Mail In Envelope

MAIL COUPON TODAY

**Give Yourself A Chance To Win
\$2,500.00 PROMPTNESS AWARD**

National Contest Book Club, Inc.
 509 Fifth Ave., Dept. 289, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y.
 My Answer to Puzzle No. 1 is:

(PLEASE PRINT)

I want full particulars about The National Contest Book Club's \$40,000 "Name of Fame" Contest. Please mail me **FREE** the Official Entry Forms, Rules and First Series of Puzzles.

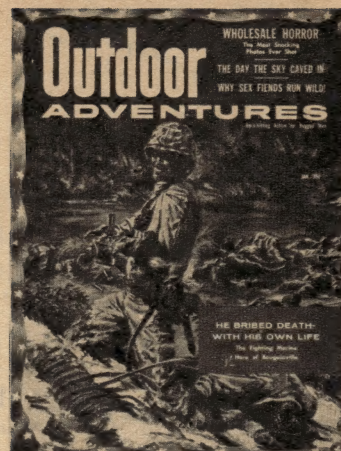
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Address

City Zone State

NATIONAL CONTEST BOOK CLUB, INC.
 509 Fifth Avenue, Dept. 289, New York City 17, N. Y.

OUTDOOR adventures



Your Reading Adventures for This Month:

MY ADVENTURES OUTDOORS

I'd Rather Lead A Race Guy Lombardo 40

WESTERN ADVENTURE

The Deadly Bet James Hines 12

WEIRD ADVENTURE

Blood Dance To The Alligator Gods George H. Dammann 14

HUNTING ADVENTURES

Spear Hunting for Jaguars Paul Brock 20

Hunting Africa's Worst Killers Jim Loring 32

Bare-Handed Killers D. MacClure 44

WAR

Medal of Honor — He Bribe Death With His Own Life 8

Horror — You Can Have It Wholesale William S. Murphy 28

EXPOSE

Why Sex Fiends Run Wild James Lynn 16

TRUE ADVENTURE

The Day The Sky Caved In George E. Jones 24

Wait Till Noon Jack Van Der Schill 38

OFF TRAIL

'Fonzo, The Trigger Man Arthur J. Burks 26

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THE ACTION MAGAZINE FOR ACTIVE MEN

The Marine on the cover has a machine gun in front of him, and in front of that a lot of Japs. Sometimes, that's the way it was. You can take that from artist Tom Beecham, who was there.

FEB. 1958

VOL. 4

NUMBER 1

Get Yourself "Off the Hook"

LATCH YOURSELF ONTO A TOP-PAY JOB IN

AUTO MECHANICS



How much pay do you have left after you meet your bills? The best way to beat the high cost of living is to **MAKE MORE MONEY**. And you **CAN** earn more in a **BETTER** job. We suggest **YOU BECOME A MECHANIC** in the greatest industry of them all—the automotive! *Get the facts—mail coupon today.*

OVER 100,000 NEWLY-TRAINED MEN ARE NEEDED

A distinguished automotive engineer recently said "the auto industry is now short 100,000 mechanics." He added that a reliable home study school, such as CTI, can be "of enormous help" to the ambitious man in getting started. The demand for skilled men is great because there are over 60 million cars and trucks on the road, with one-third in the heavy-repair class. Also, about 7 million new vehicles are produced each year. No wonder that repair shops are jammed with cars that need work! No wonder that auto mechanics are so well paid!

IT'S EASY TO
**TRAIN
AT HOME**
IN YOUR
SPARE TIME

DIESEL OR BODY-FENDER REBUILDING INCLUDED

CTI trains you in every phase of auto mechanics: Tune-Up and Overhaul; Electric, Cooling and Lubricating Systems; Power Steering and Brakes; many other subjects. In addition, CTI will send you instruction on either Diesel Mechanics or Body-Fender Rebuilding. *Only CTI offers this extra choice.*

START EARNING MONEY SOON AFTER YOU BEGIN TRAINING

You may want to earn cash fixing cars soon after you start training. Many CTI students do. They fix cars "on their own," or get part-time jobs in local shops, work evenings and week-ends. Many add to their incomes this way, pay for their training, and have enough left to buy shop equipment. Students have gone into business by building up a customer list working spare time.

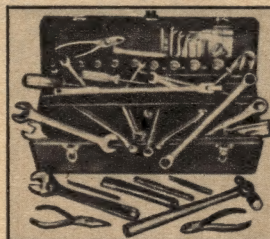


Engine Tune-Up Kit Is a CTI "First"

Here are instruments that skilled mechanics use to locate engine troubles. Kit includes Compression Tester; Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester; Ignition Timing Light; portable steel case.

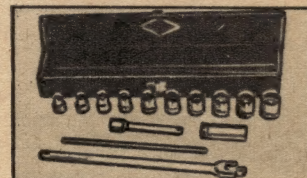
Learn Faster, Get Valuable Experience by Practicing with Tune-Up Kit, Tools

Let CTI train you at home. No need to quit your job to attend a resident school. CTI training was developed in the shop—it's practical, easy to understand. You even get tune-up instruments and tools so you can practice. *Mail coupon for facts.*



These mechanic's tools, including socket set, are professional in quality. They keep your interest high, help you get useful practice and experience.

• All CTI kits are included with your training and sent to you without extra charge.



**MAIL TODAY—
2 FREE BOOKS**

• Don't decide now if you want to be a highly-paid mechanic. *First fill out and mail coupon.* We'll send valuable facts. Then you can make up your mind.

HERE'S THAT BIG OPPORTUNITY YOU'VE WANTED TO OPEN A SHOP OF YOUR OWN—TO BE THE BOSS



Tens of thousands of repair shops dot the nation. The majority were started by ambitious mechanics who wanted to be independent. With pluck and determination, and a modest investment, you could well make your dream come true! *Mail coupon today.*

**COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE
CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS**

COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE

1400 GREENLEAF AVENUE
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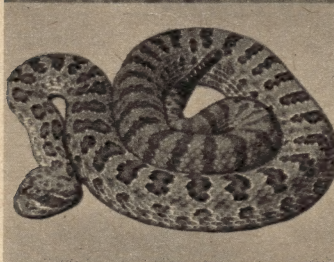
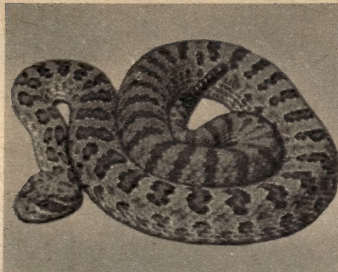
Mail me your two opportunity booklets: *Big Money in Auto Mechanics*; and *Sample Lesson*. Both are FREE.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____





a personal experience

THE LITTLE KILLER IN THE BACKYARD

I saw the copperhead just a split second before it struck. I jerked my hand back, and the snake missed. But he was sore as hell at being disturbed and he was willing to try again. As I jerked back, my right knee, braced against an outcropping of shale, slipped and I went down flat on my face with that coiling copperhead horror scarcely two feet away from my eye.

I've been scared a time or two in my life; but never before — or since — have I known the kind of blood-freezing terror that swept over me as I lay there staring into the snake's beady, lidless eyes. I couldn't move. The copperhead was too close. The slightest move would bring a whiplash strike, and I'd get it in the face or throat. And that would be curtains for me. Copperhead venom is deadly stuff. We had no snake bite kit, and there were five rocky miles between me

(Continued on page 48)

RECORD RIOT!

18 TOP HIT TUNES



The Top Tunes
On Radio & Juke
Boxes This Week!
Save Up To \$11.00

only
17c
ea.

Why pay up to 98¢ each at list for the latest smash hit tunes? Save up to 81¢ each. You get the tunes at the top of the hit tune survey at the very moment you read these words. No old, unwanted songs. We can't list the titles because at the time this magazine was printed, the tunes included in this package were not yet hits. We guarantee you will get 18 of the top hit tunes in the country this week by our top orchestras and vocalists. All 18 come on three 78 or 45 RPM records or one 33-1/3 RPM record, for only \$2.98.

18 HITS BY THE INK SPOTS



Most of these Ink Spots hits sold up to a million records at 89¢ each. You save about \$13.00! Brand new, high fidelity recordings.

only
17c
ea.

1. If I Didn't Care
2. Shanty In Old Shanty Town
3. For Sentimental Reasons
4. Don't Get Around Much Anymore
5. Do I Worry
6. Paper Doll
7. Maybabe
8. We Three
9. Someone's Rocking My Dreamboat
10. Talk of the Town
11. Until The Real Thing Comes Along
12. Whispering Grass
13. I Don't Want To Set The World On Fire
14. It's A Sin To Tell A Lie
15. Rock N' Roll Rag
16. Rock Right
17. Up The Lazy River
18. Java Jive

Save Up To \$15.00 Per Package!



Special photo shows how for the first time an exclusive new close-grooving process puts 6 to 8 tunes on one 78 RPM or 45 RPM record and 18 to 26 tunes on one 33-1/3 RPM record. The record packages described on this page

come on 3 Hi-Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 Hi-Fidelity 33-1/3 RPM record... saving you up to \$15.00 on each package!

Special Offers

18 RAGTIME PIANO HITS. Genuine mile-a-minute kick beat ragtime piano music. One of the greatest ragtime piano players in the world and his orchestra. Darktown Strutters Ball, Tiger Rag, 12th Street Rag, Honeysuckle Rose, Maple Leaf Rag, Margie, New Orleans Rag, plus 11 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

21 ROCK 'N ROLL HITS Set No. 2. Another sensational Rock 'n Roll Album. Hound Dog, Heartbreak Hotel, Rip It Up, Don't Be Cruel, Blue Suede Shoes, Long Tall Sally, plus 15 others.

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SONGS OF THE SOUTH SEAS. Genuine "Music Of The Islands" with singing guitars, drums, Hawaiian singing stars and full orchestras. Hawaiian War Chant, Hawaiian Paradise, Blue Hawaii, Sweet Leilani, My Little Grass Shack, Sweetheart Aloha, Moon of Manakoor, Kuu Lei, plus 10 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

LUSH INSTRUMENTALS. 20 of the most beautiful golden melodies of many of America's greatest orchestras. Songs include Autumn Leaves, April In Portugal, La Vie En Rose, Canadian Sunset, High and The Mighty, Ruby, plus 14 others.

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DIXIELAND JAZZ. A galaxy of great jazz stars thrill you with almost one hour of jazz classics in the world's finest high fidelity. That's Aplenty, When The Saints Go Marching In, Way Down Yonder In New Orleans, Royal Garden Blues, Surrender Blues, Muskrat Ramble, plus 12 others.

All 18 only 17¢ ea.

26 HONKY TONK PIANO HITS



Starring
"KEYBOARD" KINGSTON

only
12c
each

The most exciting Honky Tonk Piano records ever made. Hear "Keyboard" at his open-front piano and his orchestra bring back to life the exciting hits of the gay nineties. Terrific party records. 26 hits in all.

I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now • Shine On Harvest Moon • Ta-Ra-Ra Boom De Ay • In My Merry Oldsmobile • Hot Time In The Old Town Tonight • Harrigan • Pony Boy • Crazy Otto Rag • Paper Doll • Peg O' My Heart • In The Good Old Summertime • Plus 15 More.

21 Rock 'n Roll Hits 15c



INCLUDING I'm Walking • Party Doll
Love Is Strange • Jim Dandy
Lucky Lips • Since I Met You Baby

Right off the hit tune surveys come the greatest Rock 'n Roll hit tunes of the year. Full orchestras and top vocalists. Believed to be the greatest Rock 'n Roll record bargain ever put together. 21 in all.

SET NO. 1

I'm Walking • Party Doll • Love Is Strange • Jim Dandy • Lucky Lips • Since I Met You Baby • Without Love • Bad Boy • Blue Monday • Ain't Got No Home • Slow Walk • Too Much • Blueberry Hill • Ka Ding Dong • Love Me Tender • Honky Tonk Confidential • Knee Deep In The Blues • Don't Knock The Rock • Green Door • Love Me

20 CALYPSO



Only 15¢ Each!

CALYPSO! The great new musical craze. Tropical rhythms and intriguing lyrics from romantic West Indies. The top 20 Calypso

hit tunes by top bands and vocalists. All 20 complete on three 78 or 45 RPM records or one 33-1/3 RPM record for \$2.98.

Jamaica Farewell • Marianne • Banana Boat Song • Mama Looka Booboo • Calypso Melody • Bahama Mama • Stone Cold Dead In De Market • Hold 'Em Joe • Matilda • Rum & Coca Cola • Cindy Oh Cindy • Come Back Liza • Man Smart, Woman Smarter • Goombay • Elaine From Port-O-Spain • Ugly Woman • Run Joe • Mona Mona Mona (Calypso Baby) • Never Mind The Noise In The Market • Treat 'Em Rough

18 POLKAS



only 17¢ each
Free Dance Lessons

A triumph! Nothing else like it. Famous Charles Magnante, world's greatest accordionist, and his orchestra play the most terrific collection of polka music ever put together. Free dance instructions tell how to do the polka steps.

Beer Barrel Polka • Helena Polka • Too Fat Polka • Clarinet Polka • La Bella Teresa Polka • Jolly Peter Polka • Pretty Polly Polka • Tic Tac Polka • Baruska Polka • Krakowiaki Polka • Pennsylvania Polka • Plus 7 more.



23 BARBER SHOP HARMONIES 13c ea.

Sweet Adeline • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • The Curse Of An Aching Heart • Many Other Smash Hits Of The Gay Nineties!

How the gang loves to join in when you play these records. Here is the authentic four part harmony of a true Barber Shop quartet. Never before available. All the old favorites just the way they were sung during the Gay Nineties.

Meet Me In St. Louis • Down By The Old Mill Stream • Tell Me Pretty Maiden • Shine On Harvest Moon • In The Shade Of The Old Apple Tree • A Bird In A Gilded Cage • Little Brown Jug • Sweet Adeline • Plus 15 more all time favorites.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

This is your chance to save up to \$15.00 on each of the exclusive close-grooved record packages described above. Each package comes on 3 High Fidelity 78 RPM or 45 RPM records or 1 High Fidelity 33-1/3 RPM record. If each tune were on separate records you would pay up to \$15.00 more! Order now from one of the country's largest record distributors. Millions of records sold. All records are High Fidelity. Play the records. If not delighted in every way, money back without question. Supplies of some packages limited. So mail coupon today!

White House Co., Record Div. 12WM
Harrison, New Jersey

MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY

White House Co., Record Division 12WM
8 Kingsland Avenue, Harrison, New Jersey

☐ Please send the records I have checked below at \$2.98 each set. Enclosed is cash, check or money order. Ship postpaid. **Money Back Guarantee.**

☐ Send C.O.D. I'll pay postman only \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage and handling charge on arrival. **Money Back Guarantee.**

Please Print

Name _____
Check Record ☐ 3 78 RPM ☐ 3 45 RPM ☐ 1 33-1/3 RPM
Speed Desired ☐ Records ☐ Records ☐ Record (12")

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____
A ☐ 18 Top Hits (With Latest Titles)
W ☐ 18 Ink Spots Hits
S ☐ 26 Honky Tonk Hits
BM ☐ 21 Rock 'n Roll Hits (Set No. 1)
F ☐ 18 Polka Hits
BT ☐ 20 Calypso Hits
BF ☐ 23 Barber Shop Harmonies
V ☐ 18 Ragtime Piano Hits
T ☐ 21 Rock 'n Roll Hits (Set No. 2)
BP ☐ 18 Songs of The South Seas
BK ☐ 20 Lush Instrumentals
R ☐ 18 Dixieland Jazz Hits

EACH SET \$2.98. 3 SETS \$8.50. 4 SETS \$11. ADD \$2.50 for each additional Set over 4. SPECIAL PRICE 10 SETS \$25. (Sorry, no COD's over 3 sets).



He bribed Death

The Congressional Medal of Honor is the highest military decoration awarded by our country. It was started by an act of Congress in 1862 and is "awarded in the name of Congress to an Officer or enlisted man who in actual conflict with the enemy or in the line of his profession, distinguishes himself conspicuously by gallantry and intrepidity at the risk of his life over and beyond the call of duty and without detriment to his mission." In this second of a series honoring Medal of Honor Winners, Outdoor Adventures salutes an outstanding marine hero.

B OUGAINVILLE: the largest of the Solomon Islands in the South Pacific. 3880 sq. miles.

That's the way a reference book speaks of it, and goes on to mention things like 7 degrees South and 156 degrees East.

In the fall of 1943 it belonged to the Japs, who'd taken it a year or two earlier, along with a lot of other territory. It belonged to the Japs, that is, until the United States Marines moved in.

The reference book says that Bougainville, like most of

with His Own Life!



the Solomon Islands, has a ridge running through the center of it, reaching as high as ten thousand feet at one point, and that other parts of the island have sandy and rocky shores, and that a large part of the island near the coast is a swamp.

Bougainville was one of the stepping-stone islands of the Pacific war. Its rivers and swamps, duly noted in the above reference book, ran red with blood for a time after 1 November 1943. The blood of American and Japanese soldiers, fighting furiously for this previously neglected but



SERGEANT HERBERT J. THOMAS, USMC



A Jap company, pleased to surrender. Some, who kept on, weren't so lucky.



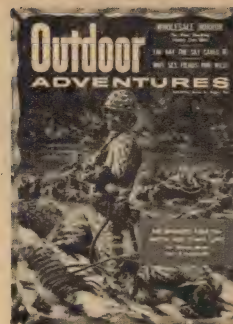
Japs, huddled together in a trench of death show that Kilroy and friends have been here.



A Banzai charge that didn't make it. Yanks keep guard over Japs lying where they fell.

He Bribeed Death With His Own Life

continued from page 9



suddenly valuable hunk of real estate.

Early in the morning of 1 November, after making a few feints at other islands and other parts of the island, the Marines hit the beach of Bougainville's Empress Augusta Bay. The Japs were well entrenched, but the landings were made on schedule. Men and equipment and supplies were put ashore at just about the places figured. Each unit had its instructions, where, it was to go, where it should make contact with the next unit, etc. It was all down, on paper.

In action, it was different. The Japs were tougher, the hills sharper, the swamps swampier. But these were men

who knew their business, knew what they were there for. They went ahead, despite their losses, despite the inevitable snafus. Inch by inch, yard by yard, they fought their way inland, killing the Japanese interlopers as they went.

As one of their historians put it, a number of stories sprang up from the island campaigns. Some were just plain manufactured, many actually happened, and many of the ones that can't be proven seem so probable that they might as well have happened. Some of the stories are like the ones about the Japanese woman sniper tied to a tree. That popped up on almost every (Continued on page 52)



With rigid arm upflung, a dead Jap pays the price of his country's ambition to conquer. ▶





The Deadly Bet

By JAMES HINES

The trouble was, Joe Grant was a mite likkered up. More than a mite, or he would have known that betting with Billy the Kid wasn't apt to be the surest way to live to a ripe old age.

IN HIS OWN MIND, tall, lanky, Joe Grant was fully convinced that he was a really salty hombre, a killer. And at every opportunity, he proudly displayed the seven notches on the pearl-handled Colt which rode his lean thigh.

Joe Grant was a Texican; as was the way with most badmen from the Lone Star State, he generally made the fact well known at once.

But Joe talked once too often when he trailed his spurs into Jose Valdez' saloon in old Fort Summer, in January, 1880.

At that particular time, in the New Mexico town, there was a young man, not yet twenty years old, who was known as "Billy the Kid." Generally recognized as being one of the leaders in what has become known as the Lincoln County War, he was employed by (Continued on page 61)



BLOOD DANCE OF THE ALLIGATOR GOD

By GEORGE H. DAMMANN

An alligator had killed a man. To protect the village, another man, armed only with a knife, would battle the beast. It was a bloody fight and also a religious rite.

ALLIGATOR WRESTLERS are not uncommon. They can always be seen at side-shows and as southern tourist attractions. But alligator worship is uncommon. In fact, it has been believed that there was no such thing in the United States. I found out different.

The Louisiana bayou country has always been

a fascinating locale. Realizing this, I went to this marsh region to photograph the local inhabitants, mostly Acadian trappers.

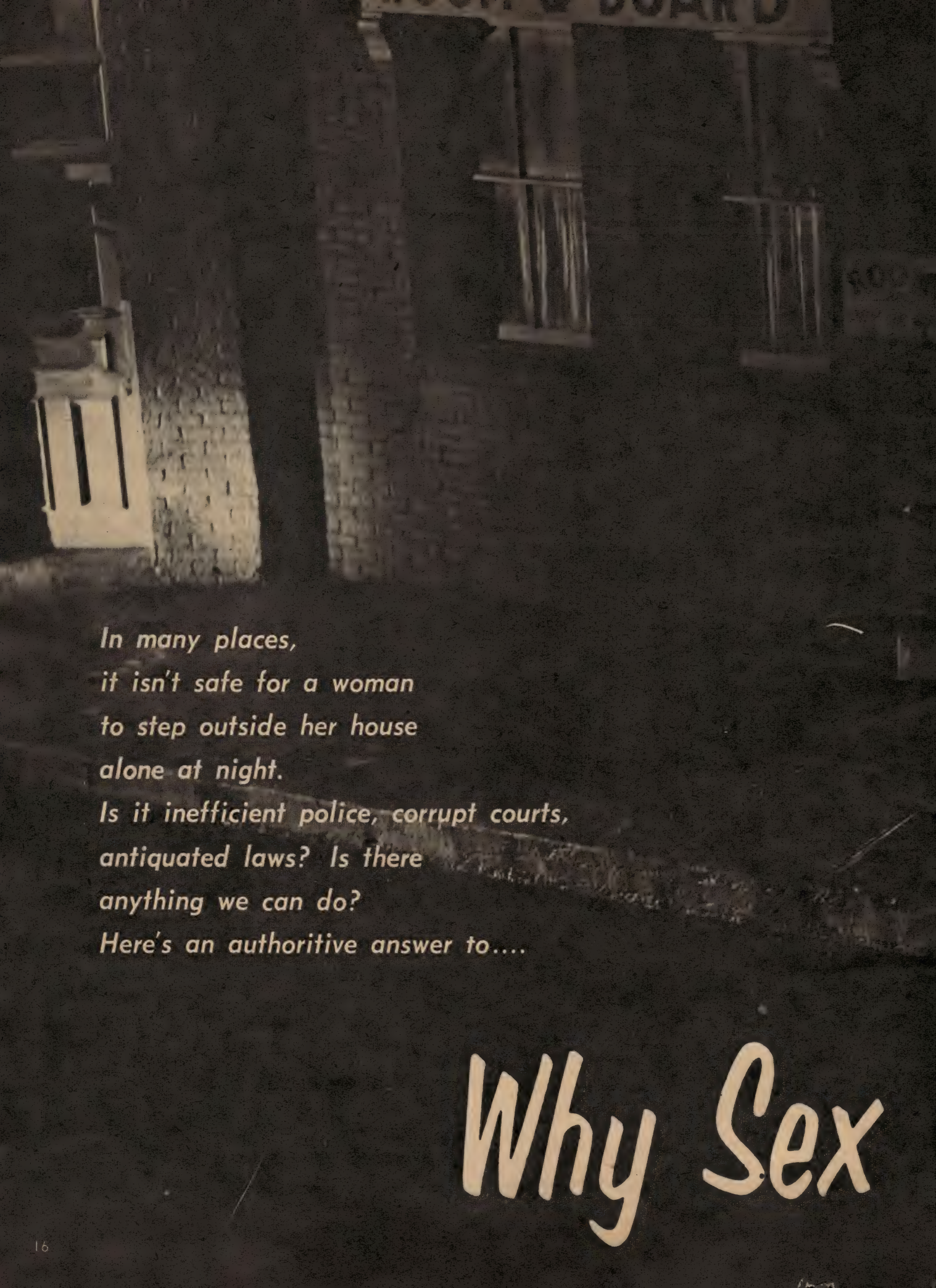
The small town of Dulac, in Terrebonne Parish, suited my needs perfectly. From there I could journey in all directions into the bayou country. Since too few of the Acadians or Cajuns speak English, and also because it is impossible for a stranger to find his way through that vast, watery wilderness, I hired a guide to help me.

Joseph Laurifie was a small wiry man, with thick curly black hair and a deep olive complexion. Of pure Cajun blood, he was one of the few muskrat trappers willing to help me. These people, though pitifully poor, (Continued on page 50)

ILLUSTRATED BY MAURICE BOWER





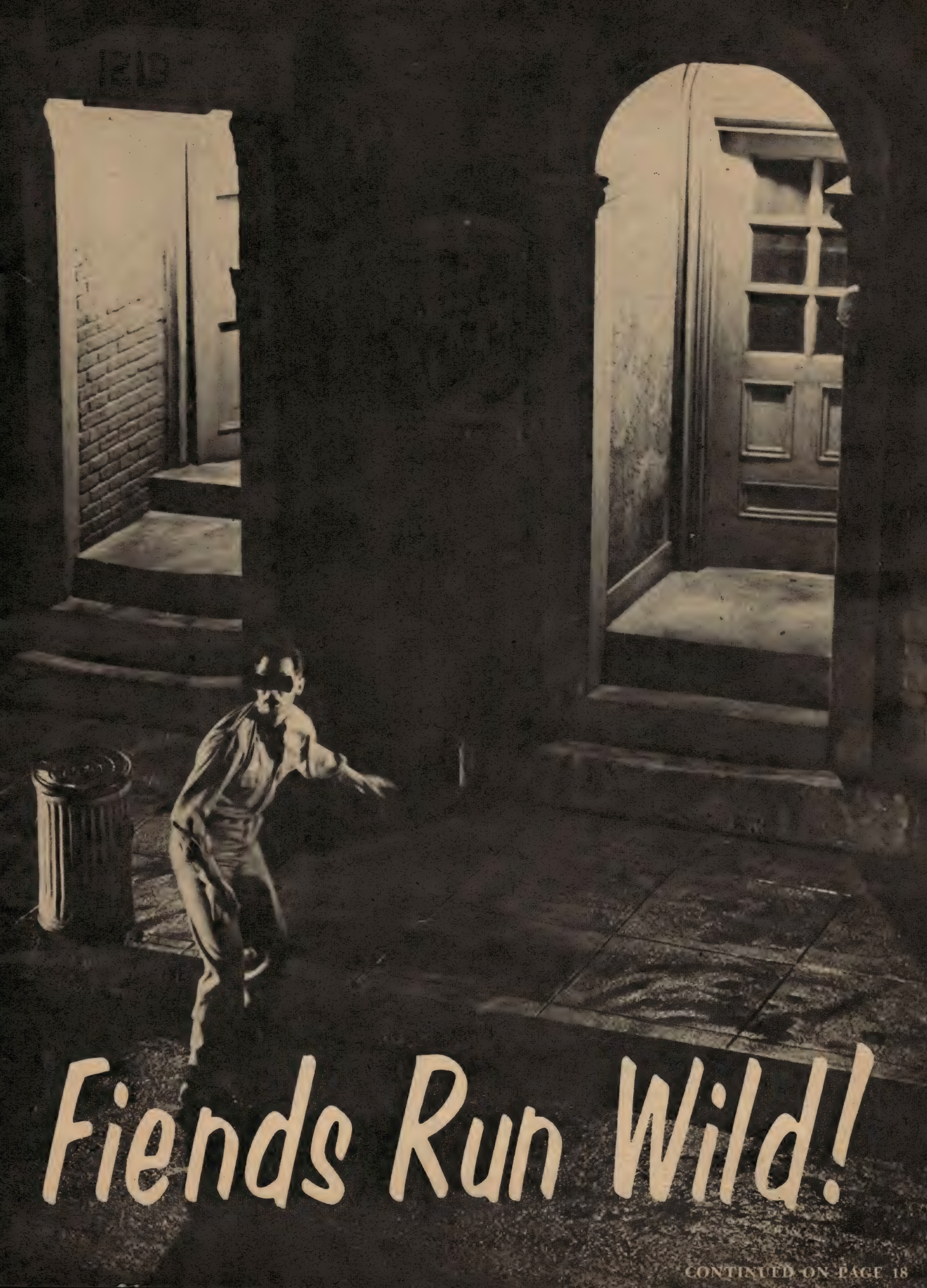


*In many places,
it isn't safe for a woman
to step outside her house
alone at night.*

*Is it inefficient police, corrupt courts,
antiquated laws? Is there
anything we can do?*

Here's an authoritative answer to....

Why Sex



Fiends Run Wild!

CONTINUED ON PAGE 18



Patrol man searching a suspect while his intended victim lies unconscious in an apartment hallway. The woman's screams brought help, and the police.

Why Sex Fiends Run Wild!

continued from page 17



Smiling crazily after a purported confession to three sex slayings, suspect is held while he awaits booking.



This young man wore a mask in an attempt to disguise himself while committing a sex crime. He was caught.

By JAMES LYNN

THE middle-aged grey-haired woman with the tired eyes stepped out of the police cruiser and walked up the stone steps of the County Morgue. She was supported on both sides by uniformed patrolmen, and a detective walked behind her.

"It won't be her," she half-whispered to no one in particular. "I know it won't be her."

The little group walked down the cold marble hall, past swinging doors and into a dimly lighted room. The room was unfurnished except for a long metal table. The outline of a small slim form was visible beneath the white sheet that covered it. The morgue attendant stepped forward and pulled back the cover. For a moment, the woman just stood there and stared. Then she screamed, the sort of scream that can only come from a mother who is seeing her dead child for the first time.

Like most sex criminals, this rapist-killer was clumsy about covering up his act and was taken into custody three days later. He had a record of sex offenses dating back five years and had served three short jail terms for molesting and rape. He had been paroled just two days before the young girl's body was found behind a city (Continued on page 63)



A prisoner, about to be arraigned on charges of child molestation, being removed after becoming hysterical.



*Tired of living? Got your will written?
Want the biggest thrill of your life –
and maybe the last? Then try*

SPEAR-HUNTING FOR JAGUARS

By PAUL BROCK

THEY were a weird-looking pair. One, who carried the spears, was very short – not more than four feet, six inches tall but nearly as broad as he was long, with tremendous muscular legs, arms and shoulders.

The other, the man with the machete, was long and thin, a regular bean-pole of a man. He was over six feet six in height, and his lanky black hair, coarse as a horse's tail, hung nearly to his waist, and made him look even taller.

Dale Sutton, the well-known white hunter, recognized their calling at once. "They're jaguar-hunters," he told me, "though I must admit I've never met present-day Indians who hunt the jaguar in the same way as their Aztec or Toltec forefathers."

We gave them food and drink, then asked them what they wanted with us. The tall one answered in the piercing sing-song tones of the free

CONTINUED ON PAGE 22





"Open a little wider," the man said. The jaguar's teeth and claws are sharp, and he's fast. All in all, a tough customer!

Spear Hunting for Jaguars

continued from page 21

mountain Indian.

"Senor Sutton," he said. "Great is your fame as a tigrero. We have come far to learn your secret. Many tigres have we caught upon the spears and cleft with the machete, but for every one we have killed, you have slain ten. So it is said."

"Yes, it is said," interrupted the short Indian, "but can the great white hunter show their hides?"

Sutton smiled. "Cachutecos Indians, aren't you?" he asked.

"We are from Quauhtemallan, the Land of the Eagle," said the long Indian.

"Guatemala. Same place. Now, what is it you want?"

"We have become a mock," said the short Indian. "Since the world began our fathers have been tigreros, even as we are, and regarded with honor. But now men point at us the finger of scorn."

"Why?"

The tall Indian answered: "Senor, the alcalde of our pueblo lost two cows and three calves last moon, by the tigres. Don Arturo Viteri lost six calves and a cow, senor, by the tigres. Others have lost cattle, by the tigres, senor. But it was Don Arturo who told the alcalde that we were only fit to kill cubs and tiger-cats, and bade him command us to come to you and learn our trade."

Sutton laughed. "I know Don Arturo," he said. "Many times in the old days he has hunted with me in Guatemala. Where is your pueblo?"

"On the Copan River."

"Copan is in Honduras?"

"Si, senor. Our village of San Antonio is on the border."

"So Don Arturo has sent you to me, ten days' journey, to show you born tigreros (Continued on page 69)



Beautiful but deadly alive, and still decorative when dead, these tigers will cause no more trouble unless in some furrier's window.



Death and destruction raged all about us.

Life was about – at the end of a rope . . .

the Day the sky caved in!



By **GEORGE E. JONES**

WHERE DO YOU BEGIN to relate the tragic and catastrophic events after the whole sky has caved in? At the beginning, when the flood was at its hammering worst — the storm a mass of snarled, twisting black sweeps of clouds pouring billions of gallons of water onto the stricken cities of Marysville and Yuba City at the confluence of the Feather and Yuba Rivers? Later, when your wife and kids are screaming, pleading for help on a marooned rooftop and you are floundering in ten feet of raging, smashing torrent, trying to save them from the worst flood in California's history? At the end, when the surging flood waters have receded, when there is nothing to view but stark ruin and desolation, floating dead bodies and carcasses of animals being carried endlessly to the sea; the sobbing, the injured, groping and probing in the muck and slime for a few wretched possessions with which to start life, anew?

Where do you begin? And why? *(Continued on page 56)*







He feared no man, but they all feared him. He loved all women and they all loved him. As he said, it was good he wasn't afraid of spooks, because he'd have so many after him.

Meet . . .

FONSO

THE TRIGGER MAN

By **ARTHUR J. BURKS**

THE MULTIPLE MURDERER knocked gently on the door of my house in Gazcue Calle Numero Tres. I know his knock for I had opened the door to him too many times before. He always came when I had just got to sleep, so that I could have killed him cheerfully. Nobody would have minded, but I'd have missed him. I crawled from under my mosquito net with my Colts .45 ready for action. I was a good friend of the murderer, but he had murdered some of his best friends down the years. He had been a respected captain-major-colonel-generalissimo in Santo Domingo for half a century.

I yanked the heavy iron hook which barred the thick door. Doors were thick and iron-hooked in the Dominican Republic because of just such men as my after-midnight visitor. I yanked away the hook, pushed the door open with my left hand, dived leftward from the (Continued on page 79)



Marine photographer Bill Murphy

HORROR... YOU CAN HAVE IT...





*Dead South Koreans
waiting to be buried
in the frozen ground*



... WHOLESALE!

● By WILLIAM S. MURPHY

I was a crime photographer. I thought nothing could shock me but I saw things in Korea that made me change my mind. I could be horrified

I DON'T REMEMBER the name of the village. It was nothing but a collection of mud-coated huts with rice-straw thatch, most of the huts crumpled or burned from artillery. The chances are that most of the other people who passed through don't remember the name either.

But I'll never forget the town.

As the little group of Korean soldiers parted to let us through, I saw the sight and I froze. It was hard to believe the stack of battered, bloated flesh had once been children. As I stood there watching, the rope was dragged up from the well by one of the soldiers and another small, lifeless body was detached from the steel of the grappling hook and added to the pile. "What do we do?" I asked the man beside me. "Shoot these or wait till they have them all?"

"Go ahead. Enough here to serve our purpose," the man I knew only as Walter said. "We have a long way to go." I stepped forward, raised the Speed Graphic camera and snap-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 30



South Korean civilians (in white) looking among the dead for friends and relatives.

HORROR... YOU CAN HAVE IT WHOLESALÉ!

continued from page 29

ped the picture. I stepped closer and shot a second from a closer angle. Ice coated some of the small, nearly naked bodies, but the stench was still there. It dug into my nostrils and seemed to find its way down to my stomach. As I turned away, I gagged, then bent nearly double to vomit on the frozen ground. As I straightened, wiping tears from my eyes and wondering what the tough Korean soldiers would think, I saw two of them suffering from the same trouble.

"Let's get out of here," I growled at Walter. I'd been a crime photographer for five years and I'd seen a lot of death, but I'd never seen anything like this.

Besides, I was going to be sick again. Spectators I could do without.

It was hard to realize that less than a week before,

I'd been sitting in California, trying to adjust to the idea that I was no longer working for a newspaper, but was on the payroll of the United States as a technical sergeant, U.S. Marine-type. Suddenly, I'd found myself on an airplane bound for Korea, camera in one hand, pack in the other. My orders read for "Special Assignment."

I'd been on the second planeload of Marines to land in North Korea, making our headquarters on the old Communist air strip at Wonsan. The Republic of Korea forces had driven suddenly north, driving the Reds ahead or bypassing them. Somewhere outside the confines of Wonsan Harbor, the entire 1st Marine Division was embarked aboard an invasion fleet that couldn't land until the harbor was cleared of mines by minesweepers and a crew of Navy underwater demolitions men.

With more combat planes (Continued on page 72)

Prisoners were killed and left in trenches that had been dug earlier for their graves.



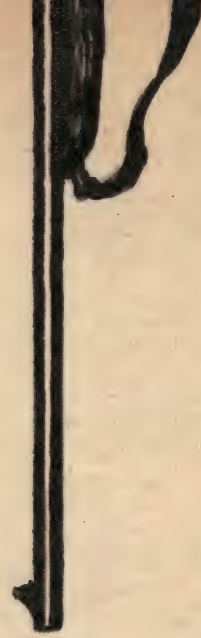
Retreating North Koreans killed civilians by the thousands as they were driven north.



After these political prisoners were shot, gasoline was poured over them and ignited.







HUNTING AFRICA'S WORST KILLERS

*Africa's Big Five, plus a few others,
Where to find them and how to get them.*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

HUNTING AFRICA'S WORST KILLERS



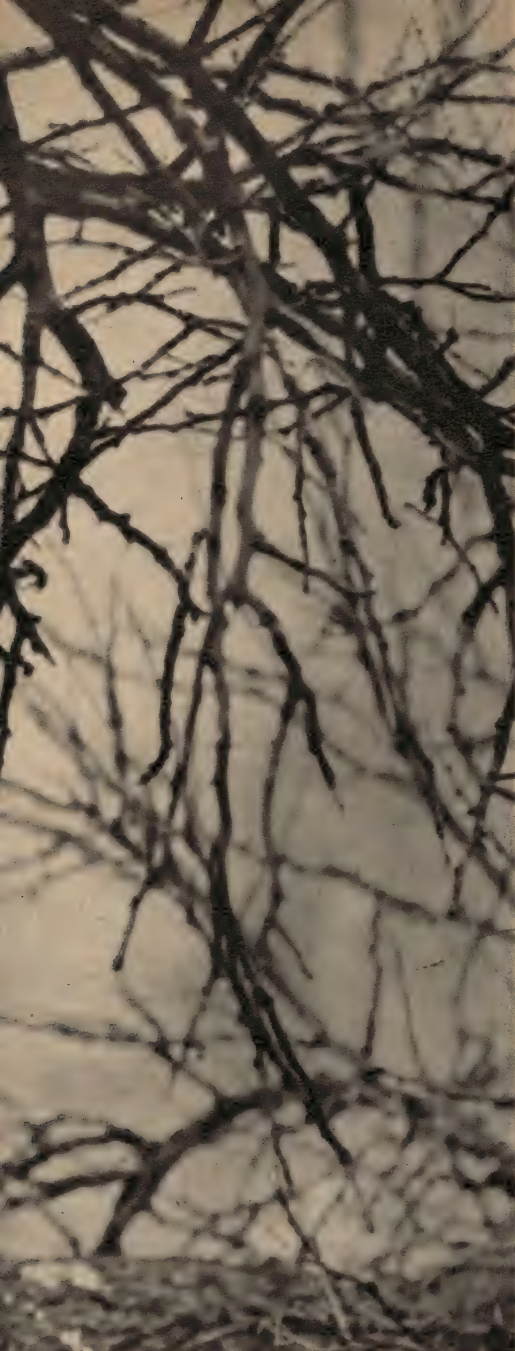
continued from page 33

TRADITIONALLY, the big game people go to Africa to shoot are, in order of size, the elephant, the rhino, the Cape buffalo, the lion, and the leopard. These are supposed to be the trophies to bring back; the proper heads to have on the wall of your den, the proof that you're a nimble nimrod, fearless, able, and reducing the fierce population of the tropical forests so that the inhabitants therein might live in greater peace and security. These are all dangerous beasts, nothing to face with a pea shooter, nothing to arouse unnecessarily. But it might amaze you to learn that two other wild beasts of the same area kill more people each year than the so-called Big Five. The two? That lazy-looking horse of the water, the hippopotamus,

and the sleepy-appearing crocodile.

But you've come to Africa for the others, so let's get on with it. The most dangerous? That's a moot point, and each one has people who'll stand up for it. The Cape buffalo is put into first place by many, and who am I to argue? The elephant is by far the strongest and largest, and can even kill you accidentally, by knocking you down and stepping on you, or knocking a tree down on you. The rhino, which someone described as an accident going somewhere to happen, is a fearsome brute. The lion, which has jaws and claws and speed and strength, and the leopard which has smaller jaws and claws but greater stealth. Take your choice, but take care, too. It pays to be careful. A mis-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36



The leopard, black or spotted can be a most dangerous wraith

*On safari. Something interesting
must be going on—over thataway.*





This might be the most dangerous animal of them all, the Cape buff, big, fast, tough.



When Tembo's big ears flap out like sails it's time for sailors and hunters to hide.

This hippo looks peaceful enough. He is. But just wait till he opens his big mouth.

HUNTING AFRICA'S WORST KILLERS

continued from page 35

take can be just a small one, but there's such a large difference between being alive and being dead.

Let's take a look at that improbable hunk of meanness known as the Cape buffalo, or called *Mbogo* in Swahili. Whether you call him in English or Swahili, be prepared; he's mean, he's persistent, and he's dangerous. He's made dangerous by his horns, which may measure more than five feet from tip to tip, by his sharp hooves and by his near indestructibility. When he's coming at you, he keeps coming like a tank. And once he gets his keen eyes on you, he'll stick with you until he's got you, or until you get him.

The classic example of (Continued on page 74)





*The rhino, a walking, galloping nightmare.
an accident just going somewhere to happen.*

It was hopeless, there was nothing to wait for. But I wouldn't use the pistol yet, I'd

WAIT TILL NOON

By JACK VAN DER SCHILL

HOT BLACK OIL suddenly splashed across the windshield. I jumped back in my seat. Seconds ticked by before I realized what had happened. Quickly, I shut off the engine. The screaming wind was the only sound in the plane.

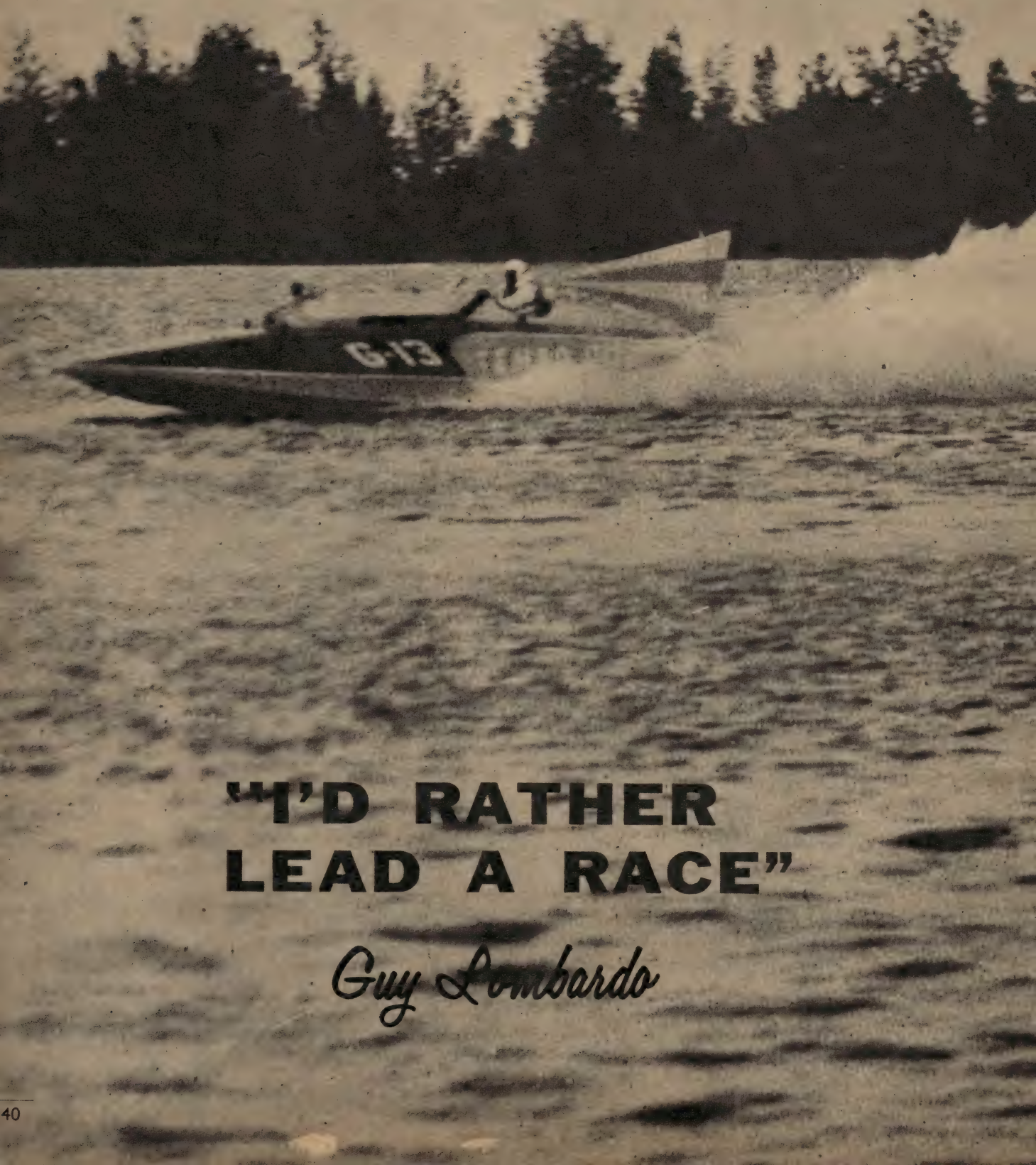
"I got to set her down," I yelled back over my shoulder. The two passengers didn't answer. They had been in the Arctic long enough to know what usually happened to planes which "set down."

The trip had started well enough. I had been flying as a bush pilot in northern Canada for some years and had built a reputation for being a pretty good pilot. Consequently when I landed at Fort Resolution, it wasn't too long before I had another load ready to go.

There were some machine parts needed (*Continued on page 77*)







**"I'D RATHER
LEAD A RACE"**

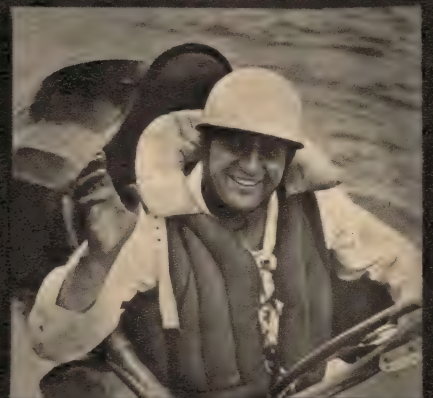
Guy Lombardo



GUY LOMBARDO — BANDLEADER

To millions, and for many years, his name has meant The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven. To others, his name means speedboat racing . . .

YOUR EDITOR asked me to do a piece on boat racing. I asked why and he answered by asking me why I liked to race. I said it was because I liked speed, because I liked the water, because . . . and I realized that it can't be explained, it is a matter of love, it's like asking why you love a woman, and while you may be able to think of a dozen good answers, you'll know even while you're saying them that none of them are the real reason: you love her because you love her. All (Continued on page 65)



GUY LOMBARDO — SPORTSMAN

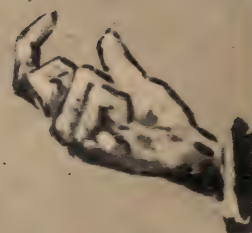


SOME 873 men, by actual count, have told Miss Dee Sloane, pictured on these pages, that she ought to be in pictures. 871 of these men offered to further her career, and suggested that if she put herself in their hands, she'd be starring in no time. Being an agreeable girl by nature, Dee had her picture taken.

As you can see — no, as you have seen — she

looks good in or on film. She's an ambitious girl, though, and is aiming at higher things. If you look more carefully, you'll see that there always seems to be a finger, a toe, something, pointing. Saying that they went thataway.

If you're still worrying about the other two men (871 out of 873) one of them was a grade-



Indoor Adventure

THE GIRL
OF THE MONTH
FILMY STAR

school teacher with no pull at all or any claim to any in Hollywood. The other was an amateur photographer; he had his hands full at the moment: two flash guns, a light meter and a camera.

Miss Sloane's dimensions?

Who needs a tape measure?



THERE are more ways than one of killing a cat, and the villagers of India will demonstrate this to perfection if you'll pay them to do so. I've watched them shoot a royal tiger from a grass-covered foxhole as he steals to his drinking place at night, and I've even seen a tiger caught by a trap bearing a startling resemblance to our common rat-trap. The Indian model, however, was improved by a live goat being placed inside an inner cage, across which a rope was stretched. As the tiger clawed at his expected prey, his talons hooked the rope and pulled out a wedge fastened to it, letting the trapdoor fall.

But the natives of Oudh, North-West India, must be credited with the most

CONTINUED ON PAGE 46





When civilized man hunts, he uses a rifle, shotgun, or other aids.

Less well-equipped savages get their game by other means.

You could even call them...

Bare-Handed Killers



Most people prefer guns when lion-hunting. But these warriors find the hunting good with spears.

Bare - Handed Killers continued from page 45

comical method of tiger catching known.

I once went out with a party of hunters along the Rapti River and watched them go to work. Collecting a large quantity of praus-leaves, they smeared them with a sort of sticky birdlime and spread them at a certain spot on the river bank which they knew was the tiger's noon-tide haunt. The way that tiger was captured was one of the most rib-tickling acts I've ever seen.

The tiger duly appeared and padded down to the river bank, treading on one of the sticky leaves. He stopped, raised his paw a foot from the ground and gazed at it, then nosed at the leaf, effectively smearing his nose and mouth with the glue. This made him so uncomfortable that he began to roll angrily on the ground, covering his body with the other sticky leaves.

Soon they clung to him so thickly that the tiger was almost unrecognisable and utterly unable to defend himself. The leaves were plastered all over his eyes and face, and thick pads encumbered his paws.

Two of the natives strolled up to him, demonstrated how brave they were by pulling his tail, then shot him through the head.

Guns are not always used by these natives. I have seen them kill a tiger with a rather primitive bow and arrow. The bow, about five feet long, is fixed by the middle to a couple of stakes, placed so as to allow the arrow a

free passage in a horizontal direction.

After the bowstring has been drawn back to its proper tension, the bow is kept on stretch by a stiff stick, which at the same time presses a wedge tightly against the side of the bow. A strong line some twenty or thirty yards long is attached to the lower end of the wedge and strained pretty tightly across the ground, and the arrow carefully put into its place. The tops of the jungle grass are cut away to permit the arrow to fly uninterruptedly, and the ground-cord is hidden from sight.

If the tiger only touches the cord as he prowls through the jungle, the wedge gives way, forces the extending stick downwards, frees the bow and discharges the arrow, which generally pierces the tiger through the shoulder and brings him to earth within two hundred yards of the spot.

Widespread starvation is a thing of the past in Oudh, but my Hindu bearer, Buhla, was fond of giving lurid details of what it used to be like. During one Indian famine, he told me, thousand of people died in Oudh from starvation and the famished wolves, losing all fear of man, boldly walked into the military cantonments and attacked living and dead in broad daylight.

Once having tasted human flesh they showed no desire to return to their ordinary diet when the famine was over, and it became necessary to wage a war of exter-

mination against them.

All the old disused wells in the country were luckily available for conversion into wolf-traps, and they served this purpose very well.

The mouth of a well was covered with bamboo-laths and grass, and a stout hedge of briar made around it. Over the well a bamboo arch was raised, from the middle of which hung a bucket containing a kid or a lamb, tied so that it could not escape. Over this again was suspended a pot of water, so arranged that the water trickled drop by drop on the decoy, which showed its discomfort by bleating all night long.

The wolves couldn't resist such a tempting morsel. They looked and leaped. Crashing through the flimsy bamboo lath they found themselves violently supperless but provided with lodging till the morning, when they were hauled up by means of a rope with a slip-knot, the noose being dropped over them and pulled tight.

The wisest of men have failed to resist the fascination of the eternal female, so we can't blame the wild elephant, wise as he is, for succumbing to the united efforts of his treacherous female cousins and their human teach-

ers. The Hindu elephant hunter digs a pit big enough to receive his massive prey, mounts a tame female elephant then goes in search of a wild bull. The female elephant has already been encouraged to turn on all the sex appeal she can when a wild bull heaves into sight. Within a few minutes of crossing the bull's path she has him literally drooling. She plays coy, of course, and the mahout directs her flight towards the pit into which her new-found boy friend generally staggers.

There he is left till his justifiable wrath has cooled down. Bundles of grass are then thrown to him, which he obligingly thrusts under his body, one by one, until he is able to step out of the pit and surrender.

The Kaffirs of South Africa bring an even more formidable creature to grief with a contraption which makes the modern big game hunter blush with shame. It is a hippopotamus trap, and consists of a sharp little assagai or spike, thoroughly poisoned and stuck firmly into the end of a heavy block of thornwood about four feet long and five inches in diameter.

This home-made affair is suspended over the center of the hippo's usual path at a (Continued on page 55)

Nobody said it was easy, and you have to get close, but lacking one gun, several spears will do.



THE LITTLE KILLER IN YOUR BACKYARD

(Continued from page 6)



and the car, and twenty-five miles more between me and the nearest doctor. It was too far. I'd never make it.

There was nothing I could do except lie there and wait and hope and pray. Maybe something, a rabbit or a bird, would draw the snake's attention away from me for a second or two and give me time to roll out of striking range. That's all I needed to live. Just a second or two of time. But it would have to happen soon. I couldn't remain motionless much longer. My right leg was cramping. Snake or no snake, I had to move . . .

The thing that got me into this jam had started several months ago, in early spring, when I went to the village grocery for supplies. I was griping because there wasn't anything to hunt during the summer months. Here in the Ozark foothills there isn't much to hunt when the season is open, and from the fifteenth of February to the fifteenth of August the season is closed on everything except varmints.

BILL Bowens or "Bobe", as we called him, was at the store that night. He listened to my complaints for a while and then drawled, "If you think there ain't nothin' to hunt, go out with me in th' mornin' and you'll see you're wrong."

"The season's closed," I reminded him.

"Ain't no closed season on what we'll be huntin'."

"What is it?" I asked. "What'll I need, rifle or shotgun?"

He shook his head. "Leave your gun at home. Better bring a lunch."

That was all he'd tell me, but it was enough to arouse my curiosity. Bobe was a bewhiskered old woods runner who made his living by hunting, trapping and fishing. Once in a while, if he was in the mood, he could be hired to do a bit of carpentry work. He had forgotten more woodcraft than most of us would ever know. He was a lone wolf, and to my knowledge, he had never before invited anyone to go

hunting with him. So I felt pretty important as I parked my car in front of Bobe's place early the next morning.

Bobe, a bachelor, was finishing breakfast when I came in. "All right, Bobe," I said. "Give. What are we going to hunt?"

He wiped a horny hand across his mouth. "Herbs," he said.

"Herbs?" I jeered. "That's sissy stuff."

He scowled and pointed a mahogany-colored finger at me. "You're young," he said waspishly, "and therefore kinda stupid, so I'll overlook that crack this time. Anybody can go out with a gun and kill somethin', but how many of you hotshot hunters know enough woodcraft to find medical herbs and roots?"

"Of course," Bobe went on, shrugging into a denim jacket, "herb huntin' calls for a lot of walkin' over some pretty rugged country. Maybe it'd be too tough for you."

That did it. I'd show the old ridge-runner. "I can walk the legs off of you any day in the week," I told him.

But I found out I couldn't. I thought I had covered a lot of territory when I was hunting, but during the next few months I discovered that my hunting trips were just short, before-breakfast walks compared to following Bobe on a herb hunting trip. He was in his late seventies, but he had legs like a greyhound. We hunted the lowlands around Horseshoe Lake, near Cairo, Illinois, and we went far back into the Ozark hills into country I had never seen before.

For the first few days I was too contrary to quit, and then, after a week or two of following Bobe, I began to get interested.

For the first time in my life I was in the woods without trying to kill something, and I saw things I had never noticed before. Somehow the wild things of the forest seem to know when a man is harmless, and they relax their usual wariness. One morning I

watched a litter of red fox pups playing with a mouse that their mother had brought them. The old vixen sat on a nearby boulder, tongue lolling, as she grinned at the youngsters' antics. I saw a bobcat soaking up the sun on a rocky ledge. On almost every trip I discovered nesting places of quail or wild ducks. This would be worth remembering when the shooting season opened.

Slowly it soaked into my thick head that there was more to herb hunting than just strolling around looking for medical plants. I began to realize that besides being an interesting — and profitable — off-season outdoor hobby, herb hunting was a wonderful opportunity to ferret out the haunts of wild game. This was why Bobe could find game when nobody else could. He knew where to look.

Bobe told me there were more than three hundred varieties of medical roots and plants. His method was to locate the plants in the spring and summer, and dig them up in the Fall when the plants had matured. The roots would be cleaned and dried and shipped to drug companies in New York.

SOME of our finds were not to be sneered at. We found several beds of wild ginseng which, Bobe estimated, would yield ten pounds of roots worth ten dollars a pound. We found golden-seal plants with roots worth five dollars a pound. There were cheaper plants like may-apple, tickle-weed, jimson weed, mullein, and score of other plants I had always considered worthless.

But, despite the fact that I was getting interested in herb hunting, I still considered it a pretty dull past-time compared to hunting with a gun.

It took a copperhead to change my mind.

It happened in the Fall when Bobe and I were starting to dig up the plants we had located during the summer months. We still didn't carry a gun. Just a short-handled, light, spade and a knapsack for carrying the roots.

Some of the hill country we hunted in was pretty rough. Steep, timbered hills and towering, limestone bluffs, brush-choked, ravines. That morning we left our car at the foot of a cliff called Eagle Point, and struck out into the hills. We both wore high, leather boots for protection against snakes, but, as things turned out, I was wearing my protection on the wrong end.

By mid-afternoon we were about five hilly miles away from the car. I spied a sizable clump of Canada snake-root plants midway up the side of a brushy and between the bluffs were deep, ravine. Snake-root! I didn't realize then how appropriate the name was.

"While you're gettin' that snake-root, I'll hunt up that patch of tickle-weed we found here last summer," said Bobe. "Be back in twenty, maybe thirty, minutes."

I used my spade like a machete to cut a path through the jungle of briars and broom sedge on the floor of the ravine. When I reached the foot of the bank, I hung the spade on my belt hook and started climbing up to the snake-root. Just below the plants was an outcropping shale. I braced my right knee against the shale and reached for the plants.

Then I saw the copperhead.

He had been coiled behind the snake-root plants. He struck savagely. At the same instant I jerked my hand back and he missed by a hair's breadth. I felt him brush my fingertips. The sudden lurch I gave broke the shale I was braced against, and I went down, spread-eagled flat on my face with that damned snake right in front of my eyes.

I don't remember screaming, but Bobe told me afterward that he heard me, so I guess I did. I only remember the copperhead coiling again, swiftly ominously, with that evil, arrow-shaped head drawn back like the hammer on a gun. For a moment I seemed to be paralyzed. I couldn't move. Then, when reason filtered through the fog of fear that shrouded my brain, I knew I didn't dare to move. As long as I was motionless there was a slim chance that the snake wouldn't strike.

But how long could I remain motionless? The afternoon sun burned down on me like a flame thrower. Sweat streamed down my face, burning my eyes. I had an almost irresistible urge to lift a hand and wipe the sweat out of my eyes and brush away the swarms of buffalo gnats that drifted maddeningly around my face. But I couldn't. I was in an awkward position and couldn't possibly move fast enough to keep the snake from sinking his fangs in my face or throat. If only Bobe would come back.

I don't know how long I laid there. Five minutes? Twenty minutes? I don't know, but it seemed like hours. A rock, or something, was gouging my chest, and my right leg was starting to cramp. I gritted my teeth against the agony of the knotting muscles in my leg, and tried to force myself to remain motionless. But I knew I was going to move. I had to. Snake or no snake, I couldn't stay in that position any longer. The pain in my leg was driving me crazy. If something would draw the copperhead's attention away from me for just a couple of seconds, maybe — just maybe — I could roll out of striking range and get to my feet.



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And then I heard the rustle of grass and brush below me, and Bobe grumbling, "What're you doin'? Takin' a sun-bath?" Then he must have seen the snake coiled in front of my face. "Stay quiet, boy. Just a minute longer."

I heard him climbing up the bank. The snake's head wavered as it tried to watch both of us. Then Bobe's spade swished over me and smashed against that ugly head. At the same instant I was rolling away and trying to get to my feet. My cramping leg wouldn't bear my weight and I half-stumbled and half-fell down the bank to the bottom of the ravine.

I sat there rubbing the cramp out of my leg. I had the shakes. I've always hated snakes, and this had been a near thing. A copperhead bite can kill you. The best dog I ever owned died from a copperhead bite, and I saw a yearling steer die after being bitten on the nose by a copperhead.

Bobe was swearing as he finished killing the snake. He lifted it up on his spade. "He's a big 'un," he called down to me.

THE thing was close to four feet long and it was as thick as my wrist. I looked at it and then threw up. When the retching stopped, Bobe slid down the bank to the bottom of the ravine.

"Did he get you?" he asked anxiously.

I shook my head. Bobe began to grin, and I knew what he was going to say.

"Still think herb huntin' is sissy stuff?" he drawled.

I had it coming and I swallowed it. "I'll take it back," I said meekly.

Bobe hunkered down beside me and pulled out his pipe. "Tell me," he said, packing tobacco into the pipe, "how in blazes did you get into that predicament?"

I told him, and he nodded. "In th' woods you never know. Anything can happen." He added seriously. "It would'a been serious if that snake would'a bit you, big as he was. Maybe I could have done enough to keep you from dyin', but you'da been pretty durn sick by th' time you got to a doctor."

I was in no condition to do any more herb hunting that day. I could see snakes behind every bush. We carried our herbs to the car and went home. A few days later we went back and finished the job.

I've been on a lot of herb hunting trips since that day, and I've never carried a gun. But I always carry a snake-bite kit.

• • •

BLOOD DANCE TO THE ALLIGATOR GODS

(Continued from page 15)

consider it undignified to work for someone else. But after much argument, Laurifie finally consented, and we began our work.

On the third day out, we had planned to head south toward Caillou Bay. Joseph had told me of a small, almost unknown settlement near there, and I figured the place would probably be good for many pictures.

Floating down the bayou in our flat bottom boat, we met another Cajun coming upstream. As the small pirogue drew close, its occupant hailed Joseph. The two men began a rapid, gesturing conversation, and although I can understand French, Cajun dialect made it impossible for me to follow them.

"What was that all about, Joseph?" I asked, after we had separated from the other craft.

Laurifie glanced nervously around. "Nothing, monsieur, it was nothing, little talk with old friend."

I didn't believe him, because he seemed too nervous after his 'little talk'. And as the day wore on, and Joseph kept making excuses for not going to Bay Caillou, my suspicions grew deeper.

The next day Laurifie insisted we go to visit some oyster and shrimp fishermen. He still refused to go near Bay Caillou, but would give no reason for his refusal. That night I spent a few hours pouring over a fairly accurate map of the area. Finally, by process of deduction, I pinpointed the spot where I thought this mysterious village should lie. Now I was determined to go there.

I was waiting at the small pier when Joseph arrived. "Allo monsieur. Today we see some sypriere Cajuns, non?" he said, flashing his broad grin.

"No. We stay out of the cyprus swamps, and go to the marshland," I answered.

The small Cajun looked puzzled. "I'm going to Bay Caillou whether you guide me or not," I explained.



Joseph's jaw dropped. "Monsieur, in two days, yes? Now, non," he pleaded.

I climbed into the boat. Laurifie sullenly followed me. Following the bayou, the small guide kept pleading with me to wait for two days. He gave many reasons for the delay, but none were plausible.

Finally I became tired of his excuses. "Tell me the truth, and maybe I won't go down there," I said. "But I'll be damned if I want to listen to your whining all day."

"If you go now, you see something bad," Joseph said slowly. "Go later, you see good people."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"People there good, but believe in wrong God," the guide explained. "Believe in Alligator God. Do gator dance tomorrow."

I started incredulously. I had heard of Alligator worshipers in Africa and South America, but never in the United States. Finally, after much cajoling and constant arguing, Joseph agreed to take me to the village. But he made me understand that he could not guarantee my safety.

It was mid-afternoon when we arrived. The village was small, composed of less than a dozen weather-beaten shacks built on a tiny island, and surrounded on all sides by high marsh grass. A short way from the village was a half submerged pen, built of heavy upright tree trunks. A black, sluggish bayou ran in front of the houses. The water was almost salt free, even though we were only a short distance from the gulf. The reason for this being that the tortuous, winding bayou flowed for miles before touching salt water.

As we pulled up to the small pier, a half dozen ragged men came to meet us. They were all of unmistakable Cajun descent, and could have been taken for Joseph's brothers. They eyed us sullenly, they began to yell in rapid Acadian. Joseph clambered to the pier, and quickly joined in the heated discussion.

After five minutes of loud argument, I was motioned from the boat by Laurifie. As I climbed onto the dock, I could see the open hostility in the faces of the men.

"They say we can stay for tomorrow," Joseph said. "But they do not like it. I told them if you stay you no say anything. If you go, you tell."

"Tell who?" I asked. "The police?"

"Non, monsieur," the guide answered. "These people also Catholic. If priest hear of this, they no longer be Catholic."

I knew they Cajuns were all very devout Catholics. That these people should also worship another God, yet be afraid of losing their own church was a belief beyond my comprehension.

We spent the night with one of the villagers. His house, though terribly dilapidated on the outside was scrubbed immaculate indoors. I had found this throughout the bayou country; it would have been surprising to find a dirty Cajun home.

That night I learned a little more about the Alligator Dance. Whenever a villager is killed by one of the huge reptiles, the dance is held seven days after his death. So far as I could learn, I would be the first outsider to witness the ritual. While talking, our hosts seemed nervous. Whether this was due to our coming, or to the dance itself, I could not tell.

Suddenly the door burst open. Three men walked in, yelling at Joseph. The guide jumped up and pointed to my camera case. One of the men grabbed it and the three left the cabin. Our hosts sighed with relief.

"They say you have it back tomorrow night, monsieur," Joseph said. "They only want no pictures."

He then went on to explain the dance. The closest grown male relative of the person killed has to fight an alligator using only a knife. If he succeeds in killing the reptile, the Alligator God will get scared and leave the village alone for awhile.

"What happens if the 'gator kills him?" I asked.

"Then the God is appeased, monsieur," Joseph answered. "Then he also leave village alone for long time."

"Very convenient," I said. "Whatever happens, they think the village will be safe for awhile."

As the eastern sky began to grow light, a drum started beating out a slow rhythm near the shore. Shaking the sleep from my eyes, I saw that the family was already awake and moving about. They didn't seem excited, but yet they moved with a tense slowness.

After a breakfast of grits and ham,

we left the cabin and went onto the pier. The old Cajun was still beating his monotonous solo on the drum, but the rest of the village seemed to pay him no mind. The dance wouldn't start for another three hours.

Finally the villagers began to mill around the bayou shore. The drummer increased his rhythm. The villagers began to sway in time to the beat. Six of the young women swayed away from the group and slowly danced toward the water.

As the girls entered the water, the people began chanting slowly, with a swaying motion, the young women waded out into the bayou. Their skirts billowed in the water, but they still kept the slow undulating rhythm.

When the water reached their breasts, they slowed their pace and began to undersss, keeping each movement in time with the drum beat. The water was almost neck high when the girls turned and moved downstream to the pen, holding their clothes over their heads. Directly in front of the wooden stockade, they turned and came toward shore.

KNEE deep in the water, standing completely naked in front of the pen door, they began a swaying chant. Then one after the other, the girls tossed their bundles of clothes into the pen and retreated once more to deep water. Slowly moving upstream, they came back to shore in front of the village. When the water reached their hips, they ran screaming and yelling from the bayou. Rushing into the group of villagers they mixed with them and also took up the slow chant. The girls didn't seem the least embarrassed by their nakedness, which is unusual for the generally modest Cajun woman.

A dark, good looking young man then stepped from the shore. In his mouth was clasped an odd double bladed knife with the blades sticking from either end of a foot long handle. The blades themselves were sharp and had two large barbs on each side. Clasped in his belt was another knife, this one a long thin bladed stiletto.

The young man went through the same motions that the girls did, only he kept the knives when he threw his clothes into the pen. Then, putting the stiletto in his mouth, and holding the other knife at arms length, he slowly backed away from the enclosure.

Now the villagers were quiet. The drum stopped. An intense silence fell over the scene. Suddenly the pen door flew open. There was a loud roar, and a huge alligator slid from the enclosure. The young man was now waist high in the water.

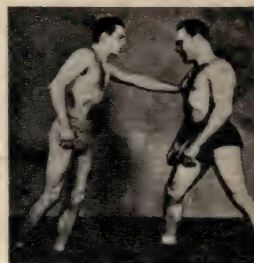
The alligator, infuriated by days of

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captivity, swam directly for the young Cajun. The huge jaws opened. The man's arm shot forward. The jaws snapped shut. I froze in horror as I saw the arm disappear into the huge mouth.

A loud bellow rolled from the alligator's throat. The young man whipped his arm back. The handle of the double bladed knife had been just long enough to keep his arm from being snapped off. The large reptile thrashed the water wildly, his jaws held together by the barbs of the knife.

Water and mud flew in all directions. The huge reptile and the small man were almost hidden in the boiling foam of the struggle. The heavy, black tail whipped through the air. An arm clutching a shiny stiletto broke through the froth.

A bellow, a grunt, then a dead silence fell over the bayou. Only widening ripples marked the place of the struggle. The villagers stared wide eyed.

A shout rose from the people. The young man broke the surface and waded to shore. Behind him he dragged the huge black creature which had put up such a struggle. The people rushed into the water and helped pull the alligator onto the bank.

Quickly they hacked tiny pieces from the gashed stomach and stuck them in their mouths. Then the village men helped carry the reptile to the young man's cabin where they skinned it for its hide. I measured the huge creature and found it to be sixteen feet long from nose to tail.

After the skin was paraded around, the village settled down to a huge feast with much wine, singing, and laughing. In the middle of the banquet Joseph nudged me.

"Tomorrow," he said. "All be back to same routine."

"Yeah, but for how long." I asked.

The small Cajun shrugged. "Who knows," he said. "When the next 'gator

● ● ● strike again."

corporal had disobeyed his last order. He'd show him.

But when he'd gotten through the worst of the underbrush, he saw a small, toothy, English-speaking Jap squatting in a clearing. Still furious, the Sergeant dashed up to the Jap and shook a long, angry finger in his face. "Listen, you little s.o.b.," he said. "You run your outfit and I'll run mine!"

As we said, if it didn't happen, it could have. And it could have happened on Bougainville that first week in November, 1943.

On the morning of the seventh day after the landings, six landing boats were seen moving onto the beaches up beyond the left flank of the beachhead. This didn't cause any commotion for a while, as our boats had been doing it all the day before, carrying troops and supplies. The men on the beach had become accustomed to this boat traffic. Supplies were being brought to the beach constantly, and immediately shuttled to the established dumps.

EVERYONE on the beach saw the six landing boats come in. One shore party officer didn't like their looks. "They could be Jap landing barges," he said to an officer near him.

"In broad daylight? There's an outpost up there beyond the left flank. They're bringing them supplies."

"What's that screwy-looking boat behind the tank lighter? Have we got any boats that look like that? Gimme those glasses!"

"That's a barge, sir. Looks like it's being towed . . ."

"You're damne dright it's a barge," said the officer. "It's a Jap landing barge." And he dove for the phone.

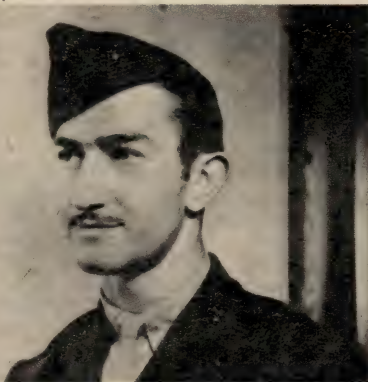
"Bright and early on the morning of November 7th, I noticed shell splashes off the point of land to my right, west of the Koromokima River," reported a major from his observation post on the beach. "Finding out it was friendly artillery, I decided to help, and rolled the two half-tracks out on the beach to engage the target. We put about twenty five high-explosive shells per gun on the point. It was direct fire at about 1400 yards and we really bounced them in there."

But by the time the first report of the landing had been checked and fire orders had been given to the artillery and beach defense units, the Jap barges had already unloaded their men.

Like the Marines, they got off the exposed beach as fast as possible and headed inland, hoping to outflank the Marines, hoping to come to the aid of their country-men defending the island and being slowly but irresistibly

HE BRIBED DEATH — WITH HIS OWN LIFE

(Continued from page 9)



island, and many soldiers knew someone who knew someone who was there when she was shot out of her tree.

One of the stories is about a Marine Sergeant, a machine gun section leader. His section was attached to a combat patrol which had been beating the bush for quite some time without even running into the rumor of a Jap. A machine gun is not something you can take or leave alone. Either you're not interested (if the machine gun is on your side, that is) or else you're nuts about them. In the tropical jungle, a machine gun, with its tripod and ammunition supply, is not something you lug around carelessly or with a care-free air. It gets heavier with every step.

Now this Marine Sergeant, a one-man flanker, was separated from the rest of his section in heavy underbrush. Nearing the crest of a hill, he halted, crept along the top, and looked down on a small valley on the other side. What he saw made his mouth water.

Less than three hundred yards in front of him stood a whole Jap company, lined up for chow.

This Sergeant was a gunnery expert.

He knew where to lay his guns, the range, and the number of bursts it would take to cut down everyone in the Jap company. He turned to the underbrush where he knew the rest of the section would be, and called, "Hey, Mac! Bring those guns over here and lay them on the left."

An answer came out of the brush. "No — keep them on the right."

There wasn't even a field of fire on the right. His squad leader must be crazy. More excited than ever, but now growing madder by the second, he shouted his order again.

"Dammit, Mac — Japs! Bring those guns over here on the double and lay them on the left."

Back came the same voice, the same answer: "No — be better . . . keep them on the right."

Sergeants are famous, of course, for their patience. But eventually there is an end to the most patient sergeant's patience. This particular one felt he'd been patient long enough. He got up and tore through the underbrush. That

pushed back.

A little later, the report reached some of the Marines who'd fought their way inland: "500 Japs have landed on the left flank and have broken through the perimeter."

The situation changed with that news. Our forces had something new to think about. Instead of having to worry about the enemy ahead, about the usual possibilities of snipers and infiltrations, they also had to worry about new, unknown forces that might be hitting them from an exposed flank, or from behind.

That was the set-up that day in November when Sergeant Thomas led his squad through the dense Bougainville jungle. The line had to be held, contact had to be maintained with the Marines on either side, and the advance had to be continued. How Sergeant Thomas met the challenge is perhaps best told by excerpts from the official citation posthumously awarding him the Medal of Honor.

"... Although several of his men were struck by enemy bullets as he led his squad through dense jungle undergrowth in the face of severe hostile machine gun fire, Sergeant Thomas and his group fearlessly pressed forward into the center of the Japanese position and destroyed the crews of two machine guns by accurate rifle fire and grenades.

"Discovering a third gun more difficult to approach, he carefully placed his men closely around him in strategic positions from which they were to charge after he had thrown a grenade into the emplacement."

He looked around him. Everything was set the way he wanted it. He felt for the grenade. It seemed harmless in his hand, like a baseball. But this was a long way from Columbus Ohio. He pulled the pin, and reached his arm back and threw.

"... the grenade struck some vines and fell back into the midst of the group. Sergeant Thomas deliberately flung himself upon it to smother the explosion, valiantly sacrificing his life for his comrades."

Only one man was killed, instead of many; no-one else was even injured. His men, shocked at what had happened to their sergeant, and inspired by his action, rushed the Jap machine gun and killed the crew and a few other Nips who held their ground.

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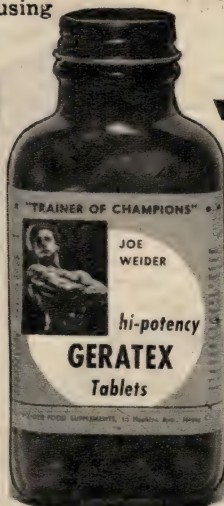
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BARE-HANDED KILLERS

(Continued from page 45)



height of about thirty feet, a bark cord being used to support it from the high branch of a tree. The other end of the cord is passed round a peg on one side of the path beneath, taken directly across the path of the hippo about six inches from the ground and then secured to another peg on the other side of the path. All the hippo has to do is trip over the cord, when the loop slips off the first stake, enabling the weighted and poisoned assagai to drop like a bomb, inflicting a mortal wound.

Fire, before which even the most fearless wild animal will retreat, seems to have a fatal power of fascination for the South African Eland. As the native hunters float down a river at night on rafts blazing with wood fires. The Eland troop down to the water's edge within easy range of their spears.

On dark mornings the natives use a basket made with canes, something like a funnel, into which they put a stone pot with a fire in it, using bright-burning pitch for fuel. They carry this on their heads, the basket hiding their bodies, and in their hands they carry three or four small bells which they ring as they go to distract attention from the noise made by their feet. Behind each basket-clad and fire-carrying man creep hunters with bow and arrows.

The sight of this blazing monster walking along the plains or at the river banks literally paralyses the deer. They stand there, staring, while the hunters take careful aim and knock them off.

The dignity of the South African ostrich has often been sadly deflated by the hunting methods used by enterprising native hunters. The ostrich-chaser stalks about the plain clothed in a female ostrich skin, flaunting his charms before any male which might be interested. When about six of these feathered suitors have been recruited, he decoys the whole bunch into an enclosure which is closed off by his partners after he runs out at the other end.

A trained ostrich hunter will sometimes bag a pair of these birds by taking possession of an empty nest and patiently awaiting the return of the owners. Mr. and Mr. Ostrich step into nooses strategically placed all round the nest. These are pulled tight by the con-

cealed hunter and while the birds are wondering what happened, canvas bags are tossed over their heads. The open end is drawn tight with a long cord and the blind and trussed ostriches are carted into captivity.

Shotguns are of little use to Brazilian Indians when it comes to duck shooting. They get better results by encasing their heads in hollow pumpkins and wading into the river till nothing can be seen but pumpkins apparently floating downstream.

They advance until the ducks are reached, when the hunters reach out for their legs, pull them under water and fasten them to their belts without disturbing their companions in the slightest.

Other Brazilian duck-hunters catch their birds on land. Knowing they have no fear of the horse, they approach them under cover of a trained animal's body, then grab them with their hands.

One tribe uses no weapons, lures, or camouflage in its constant battle with the birds. The members merely row out to the middle of a shallow lake and drop boxes containing lead weights with cords attached. They hide the boat ashore, submerge themselves in the water with only noses and eyes occasionally showing above the surface, and wait for the ducks to settle. Then they swim under water, collect one lead weight at a time and fasten it to the feet of one of the ducks, thus effectively "anchoring" the bird until it can be collected by boat.

Another anchoring device is used by Eskimoes of the Barentz Sea to keep a polar bear in one spot where they can be sure of killing him. The bait is fresh salmon, but to get at it the bear has to pass his head through a noose. When he grabs the salmon a primitive trigger arrangement is released whereby a heavy weight, suspended over a hole in the ice and attached to the noose, drops into the water and tries to drag the astonished polar bear with it. Since the bear is too bulky to pass through the hole, however, he remains anchored to the spot with the tightened noose round his neck. The hunter then shoots him through the head. ● ● ●



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THE DAY THE SKY CAVED IN

(Continued from page 25)



It was the day before Christmas, December 24, 1955 — a day that thousands of terror-gripped residents of Yuba City will remember for as long as they live. That was the morning the Feather River smashed through the levee and raced over the northern California town, sending nearly twenty thousand half-crazed persons, half of them recent evacuees from the sister city of Marysville, fleeing for their very lives as the destructive flood waters tore at them and carried away their peaceful existence.

The gods were angry that morning. They had been angry all week. I know. I was there. I live there. Or rather, I did until the forces of an unkind Nature destroyed most of what I had lived for. Some of the twenty thousand were trapped — in their cars, trying to escape, or in their homes; some were hurled against fences, others were smashed to bits by hurtling logs. Nobody knows or will ever know the exact number washed away forever.

The wildly surging rivers, jammed with logs and debris torn loose from the mill ponds and swept down from the mountainsides by the unrelenting rainstorms, cascaded like a thousand demons into Yuba City.

I was there when the raging waters tore a gaping forty-yard hole in the levee, buckling the concrete like gravel under the impact. The water poured out with a loud Poo-sh! It came in a 30-foot-high wall, spreading in all directions and with such pressure that it raced up hills almost as though they weren't there. People had to run for their lives, or crawl, those who could only do that. Within forty-five minutes, all but a sixth of Yuba City was flooded. The residents of the two beleaguered cities moved out in cars three abreast, bumper-to-bumper, at ten miles an hour. Some were trapped.

The panic began immediately. Stricken people, grabbing what pre-

cious little they could, crowded into their cars pell-mell and pushed their way into lines of frighteningly slow traffic headed for higher, safer ground some fifty miles away. Some of the refugees fled west on Highway 20; others streamed across the nearly washed-out bridge coming out of Marysville, congesting highways out of town. Some never made it. Johnny Clifford died when his car hit a caved-in section of the highway. Mildred Strulla and her daughter and grand-daughter never even reached their car. The three of them were drowned when a cat-walk over the turbulent waters near their garage was swept away beneath them.

I saw it all — from start to finish. I saw it and helped what little I could — and saw my neighbors die helplessly. Jim Foreman, who became tangled in a submerged fence and couldn't work himself free — while the mad waters roared into his lungs. Hank Johnson, drowned in his automobile in a flood-swollen canal. The mud sealing his car doors like a death vault.

The floods, which army engineers said could happen "once in a hundred years" were born of eight days of continuous downpour from three savage storms marching in from the Pacific in follow-the-leader fashion.

We first received word from a Marysville radio station that we were in really serious trouble at 4:30 A.M., December 23rd. The plea went out for more volunteers. "there is danger that the levee will not hold much longer."

"I'm going," I told Evelyn. "Take care of the kids."

I kissed them. In two more days it would be Christmas.

Three thousand volunteers answered this call — hundreds of army engineers from Camp Beale Air Force Base, and just plain townspeople willing to do what they could to avert a disaster. our lives that it would.

I worked all night Friday, hauling sandbags in my pickup truck to the levee, then throwing them into the breach. For a while, it looked as though the levee would hold. We were betting

"If the levee gives way," an army engineer working next to me said grimly, "there will be eighteen feet of water in the city inside of twenty minutes."

Like automatons, we kept piling the sandbags at the weak spots. There was an eleven year old kid, not many years older than my Mike, doing his bit. Struggling with one of the bags, he lost his balance and toppled into the rushing river. His screams were scarcely heard above the tumult of the water. I was sick.

MY arms grew weary, I needed sleep, but I kept going. Rain was lashing at us, the wind was howling, and the mad waters were rising. I wondered whether the world had gone completely mad. Was this the devil's own torment, the end of our very existence? Once I dragged myself over to the field station for coffee and a cigarette, and heard some of the news.

"Victory Flurry got it when a wind-blown tree toppled over him—" "I saw a man looked like Giacomo Palotti being carried downstream. Nobody could save him." "Cecil Connor's rubber boat capsized . . ."

I went back and piled more sandbags until utter exhaustion caught up with me, until my mind ceased to function and I lost all count of the hours. I remember crawling into the pickup and starting for home late in the afternoon. The windshield wipers were useless. After a while, the truck stalled in the hubcap-deep water. I crawled out to see how swift the current was. The water was up to my knees. Then a wave swept down on me and I was carried out into a grainfield. I saw a string of cars on a road — evacuees — and made for them. I guess I swam and waded 75 to 100 yards. The last car was out of yelling distance. Finally, I saw a two-story house. Strangely, all the lights were on. I shouted for help and nobody answered. I reached the house and found two blankets and a shirt — and two corpses huddled in a corner of the living room in a death embrace. I recognized them as Palmer Blaine and his wife, both in their seventies. Mrs. Blaine's eyes were vacant, her mouth hung slack, in a last anguished cry for help. Brown frothy water bubbled about the corners of Palmer's lips. I turned away.

Outside, I made my way back to the pickup and used one of the blankets to

dry off the engine. It started again, and I drove home.

Our house is about two miles south of town, on higher ground, but already the water was seeping under the front door.

"It's getting worse," Evelyn said "The kids haven't noticed yet."

"They're too excited about the Christmas tree, I guess."

The Christmas tree was all set up and decorated. Evelyn had cooked the Christmas dinner and put it down in the deep freeze.

I turned on the radio. The newscaster was telling everyone to evacuate Yuba City — the water was eight feet deep in the downtown area, the levee that walled the Feather River at nearly Gum Tree was yielding . . .

"Better take the kids upstairs," I warned Evelyn. "Even if it does break through, the water won't reach that height. I'm going to get some sleep."

The night was black and wild, with no letup of the driving rains and howling winds. All I could think of was the flood that had destroyed the earth in Biblical times.

I finally dozed off. The next thing I remember was being awakened by a terrifying roar in my ears. My watch said 1 A.M.

I jumped from the bed and ran to the window. I could see mountains of

water rampaging through the levee at Gum Tree and gushing across the countryside. Then I heard Evelyn screaming and calling the kids to her.

"The river has broken through," I yelled needlessly. "Better get the kids dressed."

"Where will we go?" she asked. "What will we do?"

"We'll be safe for a while," I said. I didn't know what was going to happen to us.

The thunder of the water filled my ears, the lights in the house blinked off, came back on, then blacked out again. I got out some candles and a flashlight from a foot locker. Then I ran down the stairs to see what damage had been done. In the kitchen, the water was rising toward the drainboard. Water was filling the living room and out into the hallway. I ran back up the stairs.

Evelyn grabbed my arm. "The house is rocking! What can we do?"

"We're safe up here," I said. I was trying to convince her, convince myself.

All night long, the fury pounded outside the house. We huddled together, too frightened to talk, too numb from the penetrating cold to say anything — but praying fervently for the dawn — and help.

One thing that will always stay etched in my mind was a fire alarm just



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as the levee burst. I could see the firemen racing to answer being met by a wall of fire, and fleeing. And there, like a flaming island in a sea of boiling brown water, a house burning down — with the occupants at the windows engulfed in the searing flames.

I wanted to throw up.

Pretty soon the town was swarming with the police, hundreds of them, soldiers and special police, patrolling the canal-like streets in boats, with orders to shoot to kill if they saw looters.

At dawn, I climbed out of a window and onto the roof of the house. There were all kinds of airplanes and helicopters in the air, and boats and Army ducks in the water. I waved a red cloth tied to a long stick. I signaled to them frantically. None of them saw me. I went back into the house and took a look at the water line on the inside of the house. Escape from the first floor was almost impossible. Climbing back out on the roof, I signaled again. I saw a helicopter rescuing other people from rooftops, from the tops of trees and floating timber. Why weren't they coming to us?

Chunks of furniture, shreds of flesh and bone — an arm — floated by. Off to my right was a victim impaled in the branches of our poplar tree, a branch having pierced the base of his skull. In the bleak dawn I saw houses, some with helpless people in them crying to be saved, floating down the rain-swollen river, I counted seventy or eighty of them, including an uprooted 12-unit motel. I saw three people drown while we prayed for a helicopter.

THEY were just two tiny spots at first, and it looked as though they were sitting in the water. But they were moving, stranded on top of their car. The woman had an infant in her arms. The helicopter lowered a rubber raft to a tractor nearby. The man from the helicopter inflated the raft and started to row, but the current was too strong. He went away from the car instead of toward it.

Then a smaller helicopter came along to pull the rubber boat toward the three persons on top of the car. The woman was frantic. She jumped into the seething water with the baby in her arms. The moment she struck the water, a beam — a railroad tie — boiling along on the crest of the water, rammed into her, smashing her and the child against the side of the car. The water turned red. The jolt — and possibly the wind from the helicopter — pushed the man into the water. He never reappeared.

The helicopter came to our house

and hovered above it. I waited until it had lowered a basket. There was only room for three in it. Evelyn got in with the baby and Punky. The basket swerved to one side, and then the helicopter disappeared behind some trees. There wasn't room for Judy or Mike or me.

While I was up on the roof, a boat passed.

"I'll come back for you," the pilot called.

Would he? The boat was loaded to the gunwales. It didn't look as though it would reach a safe landing.

The rain began to pound harder, thrashing the water into new fury. I waited hours, it seemed. Judy began to cry, then Mike. Another helicopter saw us then and jockeyed toward us, lowering a sling. The wind banged the sling against our television aerial, making a rescue from the rooftop impossible.

"I'll have to get you from the ground," the pilot said.

I took Mike and Judy in my arms and carried them through the knee-deep water in the living room and out into the yard.

The helicopter hovered above us while it lowered the sling. Judy and Mike were over my shoulders in a fireman's lift while I secured the sling about me. I tugged on the sling for the pilot to lift us. The wind whipped us like puppets.

We were almost up to the hatch of the helicopter when my hands slipped on the wet cable. Mike and Judy spilled from my arms and plunged into the muddy torrent.

"Lower me! Quick!" I shouted. I scrambled to free myself of the sling. The pilot dropped me into the water.

The racing current had deposited Mike and Judy against our backyard fence. They were bobbing like empty bottles. Judy kept going under and Mike kept pulling her up by the collar of her dress.

"Wait! Hold on! I'll save you!"

I swam toward them. I lunged just as Judy was going under again. I missed her as she was thrown against the fence. I reached out again. My hand barely caught at the fragments of her dress as it started to slip from my grasp. My feet touched bottom, and coughing brackish water, I managed to get them on my shoulders and struggle back to the porch. The thinnest line had stood between them and death.

Misery crept into my mind as I rested. I wondered how much longer we could survive. I could feel the on-

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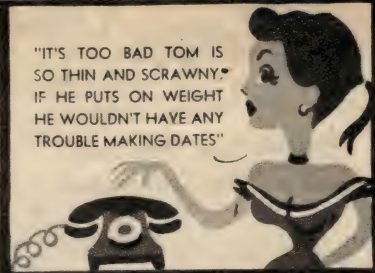
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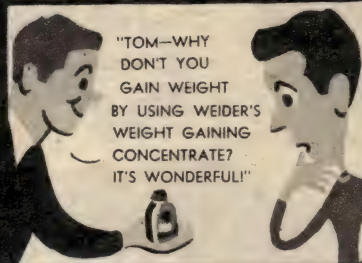
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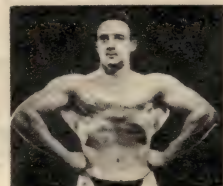
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slaught of the river ripping the pilings away from the house.

The pilot waved to me. 'We'll try it again,' he shouted.

I shook my head, I was too tired.

Judy cried out. 'I'm scared, Daddy, really scared! Don't leave us!' I could feel her frail little fingers digging into me as she clung.

I took them inside. Maybe we'd have a better chance up there on the roof again.

It was chance, but it saved our lives. It happened as soon as we crawled onto the rooftop. The sides of the house quivered, then collapsed like a kid's doll-houses. The roof settled drunkenly on top of the water, tearing away from the second story like a paper bag tearing in two.

We clung to each other, clutching the shingles, praying to the Almighty to save us, praying that this terrible nightmare would end, one way or another. I could feel my strength ebbing under the pounding of the water.

The roof careened into the side of a jammed log, bounced away, then

settled against a telephone pole that was miraculously still standing — teetering like a willow, but standing.

The helicopter flew away, and I closed my eyes. What a way to die. What a way for a couple of innocent kids to perish.

But the helicopter came back. Then it moved upstream, lowering a life raft, letting down a man in a sling on another rope. Using the current, the man guided the life raft to our roof-top.

In minutes more, they pulled us over the side of the life raft. The kids were shaking violently, sobs racking their bodies. I began to cry unashamedly — and offered a prayer.

As though it were in answer to a Christmas prayer, the savage rains and howling winds began to let up.

We were taken to a flood relief center miles from the disaster, where we were reunited with Evelyn and Punky and baby Greg.

The sun began to shine. It was Christmas Day, 1955. We had a lot to be thankful for.

THE DEADLY BET

(Continued from page 13)



Uncle John Chisum as a cowpuncher on the Jingle Bob Ranch. Even though he had not yet reached manhood, he was considered one of New Mexico's top gunslingers, having at that time a record of some eighteen killing to his credit — or debit. The Kid had killed his first man in Silver City, New Mexico, at the age of 12; he had steadily added to his record since then.

The Kid's appearance was not unprepossessing. He had youth, health, and a certain amount of good nature, unless aroused. Even then, he apparently did not become excited, but would continue to smile.

His face was long and colorless, except for the deep tan the sun and wind had made. He could hardly be called good-looking as his face was slightly disfigured by protruding front teeth — buck teeth, as they are called. His eyes were grey and steady and as clear as the sun on a New Mexico summer day. He had small hands,

small feet, and an erect carriage. He stood five feet nine in high-heeled boots and weighed about 145 pounds.

Even though his reputation as a killer went before him, it seemed that most people liked Billy. He had an air of easy grace and devil-may-carelessness about him that attracted most people. Billy apparently was never in a hurry. His movements were ordinarily deliberate and unhurried, but that was only on the surface. If it happened that he had to get his gun into action, he was chain lighting — which he'd demonstrated more than once.

The secret of the Kid's greatness as a killer and desperado probably arose from the fact that he was a natural southpaw. That is, he was left-handed. That doesn't mean that Billy never used his right hand, because he did. He was a two-gun man. But a careful study of his life reveals that most of his killings were done left-handed.

To those who did not know him in-



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timately, this was a decided advantage. For Billy, that is. Billy would have that left-hand gun out and into action before they sensed that he was left-handed.

In 1880, Billy was engaged in the cattle business, on the shady side. His gang would round up cattle on the Canadian River, in the Texas Panhandle, and sell them in the southern part of the territory. Or he stole beeves in the south and marketed them in Las Vegas and the northern settlements.

There was always an easy market for whatever amount of cattle he had to dispose of.

Pat Coughlin, known as the "King of Tularosa," was one of Billy's very best customers until he was finally caught redhanded by cattle detectives Charlie Siringo and John W. Poe, and sent to prison.

In January, 1880, the Kid was in Fort Summer awaiting the disposal of some rustled stock. It was then that Joe Grant, in a very literal sense, made the mistake of his life.

Joe had come over from Texas and pretended that he wanted to join the

Kid's gang. The story didn't go over so well with Billy, however, as he rather sensed the fact, with that uncanny intuition that so many old-time Western gunmen seem to have possessed, that Grant was out to make him the eighth notch on his gun handle.

"Say, Kid," blustered one day. "I betcha I git myself a man today a'fore you do."

The Kid smiled at Grant. "Go 'way, Joe. You're drunk as a biled owl."

Grant bristled. "If'n you don't think I mean it, I'll jist betcha twenty five dollars — and put up the money right now, in cash . . ."

He shoved a roll of bills across the bar into Jose Valdez' hands.

Still grinning, Billy said, "All right, Joe, if you want to bet, I'm game."

Presently the Kid left the bar and went across the street, Grant remained at Valdez' and continued to imbibe tarantula juice until he became thoroughly loose-tongued.

Later in the evening, Billy, with several Chisum cowboys, came back into the saloon. Grant was still there, but Billy said nothing to him. Ap-

parently, he had forgotten all about their bet.

Valdez motioned the Kid down to one end of the bar. "Leessen, Keed — take it from me — Dis Joe Grant, hee's one bad hombre. Hee's out to keel you. He take coupla shots outta back door dis mornin' after you left. Hee's out to get you, Keed. You be careful, you sabe?"

"Oh, sure, Jose," Billy grinned. "I'll be a-watchin' 'im. But he's not such a bad hombre. That's just his likker a-talkin', I opine."

A few minutes later, Billy walked up to Grant in a friendly way.

"That's — sure a good-looking gun you're a-totin', Joe. Let me give it a look-see."

SUITING the action to his words, the Kid nervily pulled the gun from the holster at Grant's hip and examined it as though he'd never seen one like it before. He noted two empty chambers in the gun's cylinder — from the two shots Valdez said Grant had fired out the back door. Before handing the gun back to its owner, Billy revolved the cylinder until an empty chamber was under the hammer, and another empty one was next to it.

Meanwhile, the crowd had fallen back. They felt something was about to pop. The nerve of Billy in taking Grant's gun from its holster while still on his hip had been the essence of pure affrontery.

Suddenly, without warning, Grant wheeled and faced the Kid. He jerked out his revolver and roared, in a hard, brutal voice:

"Here's where I win my bet! Right now!"

He leveled his gun at the Kid's head and jerked the trigger. But the hammer snapped harmlessly. Again the hammer came back and again it fell on an empty chamber.

A look of surprise, of intense horror, spread over Grant's twisted, hate-filled features. And before it faded away, the Kid killed him with a bullet through the throat, cutting his wind-pipe and shattering his backbone.

Billy coolly returned his smoking .45 to it's holster, chuckling harshly.

"Dammed if that ain't a joke on Joe," he said. Then, as though just remembering, he added: "I guess I win that bet, too, don't I' Jose? You might as well pass it over. Joe ain't got no more use for money."

• • •



"Whoa, DAMN IT! WHOOAA!"

WHY SEX FIENDS RUN WILD

(Continued from page 19)



playground. The psychiatrist who had been instrumental in his release, shrugged his shoulders.

"Tests, records and other clinical evidence indicated that he was ready to rejoin society," he said. "I had to recommend his parole."

Where did the blame lay?

"The trouble began," sneered one city detective later, "when we let these head shrinkers get into the act."

What he actually meant was that before psychiatry became involved in crime, sex offenders were treated the same as the murderer, the lesser felon or misdemeanor. He was held responsible for knowing the difference between right and wrong. Exceptions were the insane and the mentally deficient.

But who would the same detective blame in the case of Harold Beach, Jr., another sex criminal who died in the electric chair for the brutal sex-murder of 10-year-old Shelia Ann Tully in Cleveland, Ohio.

When Beach was sentenced to the Institution for Male Defective Delinquents at Napanoch, New York, he carried with him a record of molesting and a report that tagged him as a psychopathic personality, inclined to sexual perversion. He would constitute, the report concluded, a menace to society if allowed to go free.

Three years later, Beach, at the age of 20, was released to commit the rape and murder that shocked a nation. The psychiatrist could hardly be blamed in this case. He had tagged the young criminal correctly. Where did the blame lie?

Actually, Beach had met the requirements for parole and had to be released under existing regulations.

"Why parole them at all," cries a housewife, "if they are capable of murder?"

The answer becomes apparent when one examines some state laws. They are archaic and ineffective and

often penalize minor offenses more severely than major ones. In North Carolina, for example, a man can get death for rape; in Rhode Island he can get five years. Sodomy draws a life sentence in Georgia and five years in Arizona. With the laws in such a jumble it is inevitable that justice is not always present. Many sex criminals can be released and be made into good and useful citizens.

Unfortunately, the parole systems operating in most states today are far from ideal. Properly trained men are the exception rather than the rule on most parole boards because of the low salaries offered. Only two states, Wisconsin and Florida, have Civil Service selection of parole board members. In other states, appointments are too often political. Parole officers in the field are also overworked and lowly paid.

Few will deny that sex criminals walk public streets in great numbers. In one year in New York State, 1,219 persons were arrested and charged with rape. Of this number only 123 were convicted of rape and only 95 of these were committed to institutions. The majority of the offenders were charged with assault or other lesser crimes for pleading guilty. Other states that keep statistics can point to similar records.

How can you spot the sex criminal? What are his identifying characteristics? What sort of man is he?

A composite picture of the offender is not possible. You could probably not pick him out of a crowd. The person who pictures the sex fiend as an ape-like, wild-eyed maniac with a low IQ is usually amazed to find him a passive looking individual, often introverted, and possessed of an inferiority complex.

Far from being oversexed, the usual pervert is undersexed. Many offenders are impotent at the time of their criminal acts.

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Single men account for about 60 per cent of sex crimes which include forcible rape, statutory rape, indecent exposure, incest, sodomy, abduction and seduction. Married men are responsible for 26 per cent of the sex crimes with the remaining 14 per cent credited to men who are separated divorced or widowed.

Finally, the sex criminal is not the low IQ type in all cases. Thirty-six per cent of the perverts have completed elementary school and another 10 per cent have high school diplomas. Most of them, however, are men who did not do good work in school.

When a city becomes aware of a growing sex crime situation, the cry goes up:

"What can we do?"

Our ancestors, back to the stone-age men, have asked the same question. In the day of William the Conqueror, any man found guilty of a sex crime had his penis cut off. This seemed like a simple solution to those ancient legislators. If you took away a potential murderer's knife, he was unable to commit a murder. Why, they reasoned, shouldn't the same theory apply to rapists and sadists.

Experience taught them that where sex perverts are concerned, ordinary applications of law did not apply. Destroying the method does not destroy the unnatural desire. The pervert finds sexual satisfaction in assault or murder.

The ancients gave the death penalty a trial, but it proved as ineffective then as it is today. The death sentence apparently is not the answer. In states like Arkansas, where the death penalty is evoked, rapists and sex criminals are as abundant as ever.

"If all the sexual psychopaths were exterminated today," says Dr. Ben Karpman, an authority on sex criminals, "the next generation would have just as many as this one."

Reviewing and rewriting outdated sex laws is a step in the right direction, but far from a solution to the problem. In states where laws relating to sex criminals have been overhauled, rape and molestation continue or even show an increase. On a national scale, sex crimes of all kinds have shown a 110% increase since 1937.

Setting up better law enforcement agencies and more efficient parole boards, too, are necessary initial steps. But all of these actions have been taken in some progressive states and have proven inadequate.

Working on the theory that sex crimes spring from a basic mental illness, exhaustive studies have been conducted by clinics, universities and other social and legal agencies in an effort to

get at the abnormal psychology behind the pervert.

Probably the most thorough investigation to date was made at Sing Sing Prison under the direction of Dr. David Abrahamsen, one of the world's leading psychiatrists, and his staff. They studied not only the inmates who were officially committed for sex crimes but also those who had committed sex offenses incidental to other major crimes.

Of the 102 men subjected to study, nearly all suffered from some type of mental or emotional disorder.

"It should be noted," Dr. Abrahamsen said in concluding his report, "that while sex crimes are often a manifestation of a mental or emotional disorder, there is no known mental disorder that presupposes the commission of sex crimes."

"It is possible that, through psychiatric therapy, an individual may acquire enough emotional understanding and maturity to be able to control his aggressive impulses, even though the basic mental disorder continues to exist."

By basic disorder, Dr. Abrahamsen meant upheaval rooted in the past of the person studied. Either the parents of the subjects were guilty of cruelty and deprivation of love and affection, or, at the other extreme, they were guilty of excessive coddling. Other lesser factors were found to contribute to the later development of the sex psychopath; things like broken homes, slum environments and bad companions.

CASE after case from any psychiatrist's notebook will support the conclusion of the Sing Sing study that a sex criminal is primarily a product of his environment.

A typical case is David, a shy, mal-adjusted, insecure youth possessed by all kinds of sexual conflicts. He was charged with the rape of a 5-year-old girl.

David's history showed that he came from a home where abuse was the rule. His father was a drunkard and beat the boy's mother at regular intervals. She in turn whipped David, often so severely that neighbors were forced to call police.

David did not do well in school, although he was not a trouble maker. At the age of nine, he began stealing women's undergarments from basements and clotheslines. By putting the garments on his own body, he was able to achieve an orgasm. Later, he secured these garments by robbing rooms. He began to have erections at the sight of a window behind which he knew a woman undressed and when he robbed that room, he often had an emission

as he went through the window.

Psychiatrists concluded that by stealing these undergarments he was trying to find the affection and love that he had not received from his mother. When he raped the little girl, he was attempting to punish her as he had been punished in his own youth.

The conclusions drawn by psychiatrists often seem far-fetched to the average person but in states where the treatment instead of punishment theory has been tested, results have indicated that it is probably the best available approach to the sex crime problem today. Confinement alone solves nothing. It is obvious that unless something is done to correct the emotional situation that caused the original trouble, similar incidents are likely to occur after the inmate is released if the same psychological factors and external stimulus are present.

"A separate institution for the sex pervert is a crying need," says Judge Sameul S. Liebowitz. "The judges of our criminal courts have clamored for such an institution. The law often permits only freedom or prison.

"In the proper kind of institution, where the degenerate may be segregated, doctors and psychologists could then determine whether he is a safe risk to be returned to society."

Atascadero State Hospital in California is the type of institution that most authorities believe in. Located on

Highway 101 midway between San Francisco and Los Angeles, it is the treatment center for all sex offenders convicted under the state's sexual psychopathy law. A sexual psychopath is defined as any person found guilty of incest, homosexuality, peeping, child molesting or rape.

At Atascadero each patient is assigned to a therapy team composed of a psychiatrist, psychologist, psychiatric social worker and a rehabilitation expert. The inmates are encouraged to gather strength by helping fellow patients with like problems while they themselves are being subjected to psychiatric treatment.

But even after a man has been treated and released, he is still liable to court sentence, or at best a suspended sentence. It is a get-tough program with a heart.

Building such institutions calls for money, of course, and for united community action. Civic associations, parent-teacher groups, women's clubs and other organizations must get the ball rolling. Until steps are taken, sex offenders will continue to roam the streets. And in the words of J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief;

"By neglecting their sickness we only hurt ourselves and are just as unwise as we would be if we permitted victims of contagious diseases to roam unsupervised in our midst."

• • •

yen for the water at that time, but there wasn't much I could do about it.

My life was changed, however, in 1938. The Royal Canadians were playing at the Michigan State Fair at the same time the Gold Cup races were taking place on the Detroit River. I was kept too busy to be able to join the crowds lining the bank for each heat, but I could spend my spare time with the people who drove and serviced and took care of the speedy boats.

THAT was how I met a couple of drivers named Dan — Danny Foster and Danny Arena. They had come all the way across the country from California, bringing with them a big beautiful boat named *Miss Golden Gate*. They'd made her themselves, practically by hand. They had no money at all, as far as I could find out, but they had *Miss Golden Gate* entered in the Gold Cup against the millionaire's boats.

I couldn't get to see the race, but I heard about it, and something happened in that race that has stuck in my mind ever since. They came screaming down the course at some 80 mph, with Arena at the wheel and Foster at the throttle. They were beating all the other craft in the race, but they wanted more. Danny Foster bore down still harder on the throttle — and the whole works came off in his hand.

The big engine slowed down to idling speed at once, the raised bow settled down in the water, and *Miss Golden Gate* changed in an instant from a beautiful thing of flashing motion to a hulk, wallowing helplessly in the river. Faster than thought, Foster, knowing everything about his craft, broke a hole through the engine covering. He reached an arm through the hole, missing the red-hot exhaust pipe, grabbing the hot gas feed with his bare hand. He pulled the throttle open again and held it that way his body stretched out full length over the cowling, while Arena steered the craft to a thrilling finish.

They didn't win, that would be too much to expect. They finished second to Count Theo Rossi and the Italian-built *Alagi*. I'd been holding back my love for boating until then, that was the thing that broke me loose from my restraining moorings. If Foster and Arena could back their work and skill with all the money they could scrape up, and get into the big time, so could I. With the two Dans as my professional advisers, I decided the time had come for me to do something.

I began with a boat I named *Tempo I*, the first of a long line of *Tempos*, and started learning some new facts of life. Such as the fact that oil lines break, and always break at the wrong

I'D RATHER LEAD A RACE

(Continued from page 41)



right, I love speedboat racing. Maybe I'm crazy, but there it is.

I think, what's more, that I've loved it all my life, but I didn't know I loved it until Dad brought home an outboard motor to put on the family rowboat. We lived in London-Ontario, and as you may know, I'm only one member of a large family. So we had to have a large rowboat. Four of us kids, by pulling hard at the oars, could make the heavy old boat move, after a fashion. With a little bit of luck, and a long clothesline, we could get the outboard to do the work for us, and speed

along the water. After you've been rowing, an outboard pushing a rowboat at five or six miles an hour makes you think you're flying.

At any rate, that's when I started to know I liked it. But there was a long gap before I did anything about it, during which time I organized an orchestra and got a start in business. The orchestra became known as the Royal Canadians, and I might as well put in a plug for it and say we've been playing in New York City at the Hotel Roosevelt Grill for more years than I like to remember — except that I like to remember them all. I still had the

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time. I found that out in a race on the Ohio at Cincinnati.

The water was fairly rough that day; observers said I bounced as much as six feet out of water. I wouldn't know, I was too busy to measure, or even guess. At any rate, there I was, tooling away and leading the pack, when an oil line directly above my leg snapped like a fresh string bean in an able housewife's fingers. Scalding oil came down, drenching my leg from knee to ankle.

I was not in a good position. You can call that British or Canadian understatement if you like. If I'd been last in the race, it would have been simple, I could have stopped, the oil would have stopped pumping, and all would have been well, more or less. If I moved my leg out of the way, I would have been bucked out of the boat, in all probability, to become a possible cold cut for the onrushing boats behind me. If I moved my leg and managed to hold on with both hands, to keep from being bucked out, the spring throttle would have snapped back to idling, *Tempo I* would have wallowed in the water, a target (with me in it) for the same boats I was trying to beat to the finish line.

All these possibilities went through my mind as I kept my legs tight against the blocks and my hand hard on the throttle. My choice was made: I'd rather suffer the pain — and also finish the race — than take a chance of killing myself or the occupants of any of the boats behind me. The press said I showed heroic fortitude; I thought it was common sense, and I've still got the scars on my leg to prove it. Also, I'm still alive.

IN CASE you've never been in a racing boat, you might not understand why I couldn't move my leg out of the way. Racing drivers, in general wear a life jacket but don't strap themselves in. The reason for that is simple: if a boat should flip, the driver might be knocked unconscious, and would be carried to the bottom by the heavy boat, strapped into the seat and unable to get out. Instead of being strapped in, we are wedged in, or wedge ourselves in, by pressing as hard as we can against specially designed footrests, which shove our backs hard against the back seat cushion. We also are held in by our tight grip on the wheel, which we hold by the bottom to help keep us down.

The oil line break on *Tempo I* was just the beginning of my experiences. I kept having things happen to me and to my boats, which were all named successive *Tempos*. By 1942, I was on *Tempo V*, with which I won 20 out of

21 races, and ended up as national speedboat champion. There was a war going on, so the boats were put away for the duration.

In 1946, I bought a new boat, Zalmom Simmons' *My Sin*, which I'd always admired, and with which the mattress man had won the Gold Cup in 1939 and 1941. I was tickled pink when I was able to buy her. She became, as expected, *Tempo VI*.

Tempo VI was quite a craft when I bought her, and I think the changes we made at the Mapesca Brothers boatyard in Freeport Long Island improved her. She had a three-point suspension Ventnor hull, powered by a 1350 hp Allison engine, and was made into a single seater, reducing the weight of the hull by some 300 pounds.

TEMPO VI lived up to all my expectations, and gave me the biggest thrill of my life. With her, I won the Gold Cup at Detroit. I felt I'd arrived. To me, it was like Mickey Mantle's 1956 baseball year: I wasn't only in the big leagues, I was leading them.

The next year, as host, I chose the Great South Bay off Long Island as the site for the race. I hit a hunk of floating debris and was out of the race. I determined to win back the cup in 1948, with a perfectly tuned *Tempo VI*.

It happened in the first heat — the race is a 90 mile test, divided into three heats of 30 miles each. I was back in the field, not worrying about my position, confident that my experience with the Detroit River course and my boat's speed would have me with the leaders. I was cutting along at better than 100 miles an hour, just one of a crowded field of fifteen.

We came into the turn, the crucial danger spot of any race. Morlan Visel of California, with his mechanic Don Glenn, was just ahead of me in the *Hurricane IV*. Unfamiliar with the river, Visel swung wide around the turning buoy, heading toward shore. He cut directly across my bow, and because of the angle, neither he nor his mechanic could see me.

I was about to cut him in two, and had no time to think of what to do. I just moved, giving the wheel a tremendous wrench. *Tempo VI* banked at almost a 90 degree angle, and I began a side skip. As I tried to right the craft I saw the bank of the river dead ahead of me. It was black with people, I was still moving at about 100 mph, and I was headed right for the crowd, only yards away.

I gave the wheel another jerk, and flipped her.

I knew what I was doing, but there wasn't any choice. If I'd hit that river bank, at that speed, I would have been



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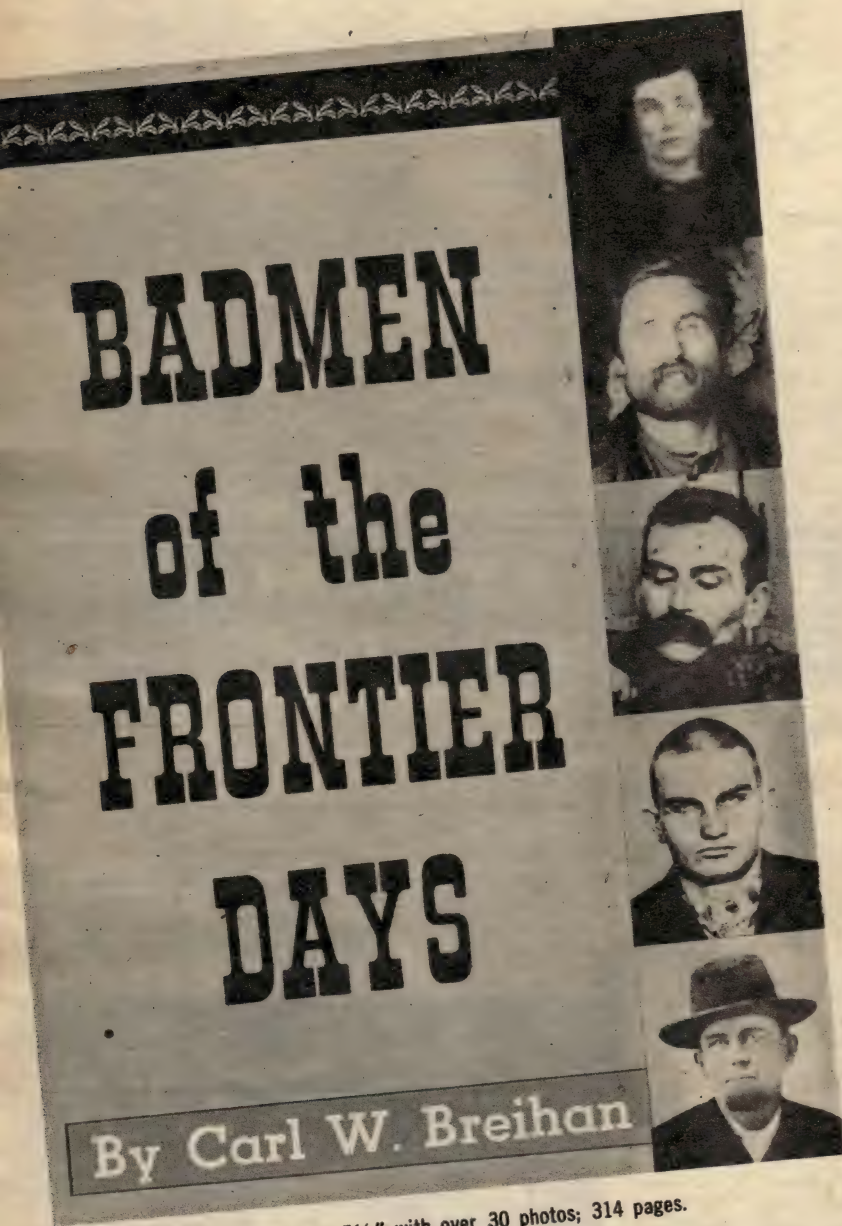
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finished. And the boat would have shot up into the crowd, killing and maiming I don't know how many spectators before exploding and harming more. I had no choice. I flipped, sparing the crowd and giving myself a fighting chance of living through it.

For what happened after that, I have to depend on others who were there and in a position to watch. I was pulled out of the river by rescue craft, my face cut and bloody and my left arm broken. They patched me up at the nearest hospital, put my fractured arm in a cast and a sling, and stuck adhesive over the worst of the cuts.

A couple of hours later, I was back — not in a boat of course, but on the bank watching the final heat, which was won by *Miss Great Lakes*, a fine craft I was later to drive myself.

I was patched up and put back into racing trim in a comparatively short time, and so was *Tempo VI*. I went on later to a *Tempo VII*, and attempts at more records, and had the luck to set several.

ON the way, I discovered a few more things about speedboat racing. One of them is that there is a "water barrier" not unlike the sound barrier that planes hit. A pilot will tell you that when his plane approaches *Mach I*, the speed of sound at that temperature and altitude, the air becomes like a solid, trying to wrench control of his plane from him, and punch holes in his craft. The same kind of thing seems to happen when a speedboat get up to about 120 mph. Little waves, hardly more than ripples at a lower speed, seemed to become solid, and your craft, instead of going through them or over them, seems to hit them as though they were made of reinforced concrete. You not only take a terrific pounding, if your craft holds together, but your eyes start to misbehave, and everything runs together in a shimmering blur. Just at the time when you need your sight the most, you lose it.

My last boat was the *Tempo VII*, designed and built by Les Stadecker in his boat yard at Kaw Kawn, Michigan. *Tempo VII* was a single-seater, nearly thirty feet long and twelve feet wide at its widest, with a top and sides of mahogany and a bottom of aluminum over wood. A souped-up Allison engine, using 170 octane fuel, developed about 2,000 horsepower. I teamed up on *Tempo VII* with Dan Foster, the partner of Dan Arena who first got me started in racing nearly twenty years ago, and with whom I'd had many a racing duel. *Tempo VII* won a lot of races for me, but I was unable to do much piloting of her myself, as I was

tied up all during the racing season doing a musical extravaganza at Jones Beach, on Long Island. Finally, unable to see how I could race her myself, I sold her to Chet Thompson of Detroit, who continued to win races with her.

I'm busy right now with my band, my Long Island restaurant, with another musical for Jones Beach, and I can't see how I'll have time for speedboat racing. I say that now, but I know the lure is still there. I can say I won't go back to it . . . but the thought of a *Tempo VIII* is tempting . . . I have

some ideas I'd like to try out . . .

The trouble is, there's a thrill in it for me. Not just the thrill of speed, but the thrill of licking a problem, which is something we all like to do. The thrill that lies in designing and building something that performs better than anything else. And that thrill is heightened when you test it and drive it yourself. As I said about love — there's just something about it. Maybe I'll race again. Maybe I won't, but if I don't, I'll always look enviously at those who are. We'll see. ● ● ●

SPEAR HUNTING FOR JAGUARS

(Continued from page 23)



how I destroy the devourers of cattle? Come with me."

He led them into the room he called his armory. The walls were hung with old Winchesters, Springfields, Mausers, Lee-Enfields. In racks were the latest products of the finest of U.S. and English gunsmiths.

"I shoot them with these," he said. "But now there are few left to kill. It is weeks since I heard of a tiger in Chiapas."

As the Indians glanced round the room their eyes widened. Sutton explained the action of one of his newest weapons.

"It is a miracle!" said the short Indian, "but what if the senor only had spears and a machete?"

"I wouldn't have killed so many. But I have always wanted to try the old method."

"Then come with us," they said.

"Where are the tigres?" asked Sutton.

"At Copan," said the wielder of the spears. "Amongst the old palaces and the great estatus — the idols, as some call them — in the vast forest, where only we tigreros dare venture because of the bad spirits who dwell there now. In the deserted homes and temples of the ancient peoples many tigers find refuge. From there they come at night

to ravage the fincas and haciendas."

Obviously Sutton was interested. He had met very few Indians who spoke of statues and temples and palaces when describing the immense ruins and monoliths hidden in the forests of Mexico and Guatemala. To nearly all Indians the ancient teocallis and temples were just old houses — casas antiguas — nothing more. These men were evidently of the very few to whom the traditions of their people had been handed down.

"It is a long journey," said Sutton, "but we will go with you. We start tomorrow. Rest now. What are your names?"

The tall Indian answered. "We are brothers," he said. "Bernardo and Pablo el Tigrero. I am Bernardo."

After slinging hammocks for the two Indians we went to see Manuel, Sutton's guide who had hunted with him for the past two years. Poor old Manuel was recovering from a bad bout of malaria, but as soon as we told him where we were going he hopped out of bed and started cleaning his guns.

Sutton pushed him right back. "Sorry, Manuel, but this time we're going to have to do without you. The journey to Copan, on horseback over those mountain trails, would kill you in your present state. You can catch

up with us later when you've regained your strength."

Manuel objected strongly, but Sutton insisted. We left the old guide behind and set out the next morning for the ancient deserted city of Copan, near the border of Guatemala and Honduras. Six hours later Manuel, on the grounds that six hours was ample for him to regain that strength his boss had insisted on, saddled his horse and followed us.

It was a tough but majestic journey. From the slopes of Tacana in Chiapas, Mexico, looking south and east into Guatemala we saw many great peaks, mostly volcanoes, dead or merely slumbering. Among these peaks led the track to Copan, and as we plodded through the steamy valleys and through the narrow barrancas carved out of solid rock by mountain torrents, we overheard some interesting comments from the two Indians leading the way. It seems they intended to astonish Sutton by showing him hunting the like of which he had never seen before.

Eventually, after traveling up the Copan River for two days, we arrived at a great wall facing the stream and parallel to it.

"Copan," said the tall Bernardo, stretching out a long lean arm.

"Copan," echoed his brother.

A stranger unfamiliar with the ancient cities of Mexico and Central America would have seen nothing more than a huge cliff overgrown with shrubs and trees which jutted out from its face and sprang from its edge — a cliff a mile or so long and a hundred feet

high, but we knew well enough that it was the work of men, not of nature.

"Where are the tigers?" I asked.

"Behind the wall there are many great teocallis and temples, many estatuas," said the squat Pablo. "There the tigres dwell, senor."

Close on sundown we crossed the river at a ford beyond the limit of the wall, and by a much overgrown track we entered the dense forest which covered and almost hid the ancient city. As the sun sank we emerged in a glade filled with ruined stone buildings.

"Here is our casa," said Bernardo, halting before the nearest building and swinging back a gate of strong saplings which blocked the ancient doorway. It was the hall of a palace big enough to accommodate an army. In one corner, just visible in the dim light, were a hearth and fireplace, eating utensils, and stone beds. At a great altar the Indians tethered the horses and brought them water. Then, telling us to rest on the stone beds, they disappeared.

But rest was impossible. The sun had scarcely slipped out of sight when the whole forest seemed to awake. Roars, as sudden as claps of thunder, and ear-splitting screeches, were accompanied by dismal booming howls. The howlings seemed to come from overhead, the incessant thundering roars, grunts, and wailing, from below.

"Tigers, cats and howling monkeys," said Sutton, listening. "The tigres and the cats have scented our horses. The monkeys are howling because they

can't help it. When they find they can't get inside here, the tigres will go away."

But they didn't go away. As the night wore on the roars, grunts and screeches multiplied, redoubled. Many times we heard the scratching of claws on the sapling gate outside, and the sound of blows which shook the gate-posts in their sockets. The horses, tied near the ancient altar, plunged about in terror.

I began to sweat. This place was by no means healthy. "There must be hundreds of tigres," I said, hoarsely.

"There are certainly plenty," agreed Sutton. "They seem to be marching round the place in troops. The Indios said there were plenty of tigres in Copan, and they were right."

Throughout the night the blood-chilling clamor continued, and never stopped till the grey dawn sent pale shafts of light through the window apertures. After the uproar the silence which followed the dawn seemed uncanny.

Early in the morning the Tigreros came back, and were admitted. Pablo carried six sets of spears, tied together in pairs, one of each pair nine feet long, the other three feet shorter. With Bernardo came a pack of short, stubby dogs of some obscure native breed.

"Now, senor," said Pablo when we had lit a fire and made coffee. "We are ready to show you how we hunt the tigre. We have spears for you if you dare to use them." His broad face winkled in a contemptuous grin.

To his obvious surprise Sutton accepted the challenge without any argu-



ment, and chose a pair of spears, telling me to follow closely with a rifle. He had more sense than to thrust his life to a machete stroke in the event of the spears failing, as Pablo had probably done times without number.

Judging from the racket of the previous night it would have been next to impossible for a dog not to pick up the scent of a tigre, and it didn't surprise me at all when one of the dogs scampered into the undergrowth and began to whine. The two Indians stepped forward, Pablo holding a spear in either hand, with Bernardo at his back, machete on shoulder. Sutton copied the squat Indian's example, and I walked behind him with my rifle.

Pushing through the dense brush we emerged into another glade, in the center of which stood a massive carved monolith ten feet high, with a great heap of shattered masonry behind it. In front of the "idol" the dogs had halted, trembling and whining. They were a wild breed; not one of them barked.

Pablo shouted an order, and the pack, still whining querulously, entered a cavity in the timbled mass of cut stones. They had hardly disappeared when they were scampering out again, each with its tail between its legs, heading for the undergrowth.

"Ready, senior! Ready!" shouted the Indians together. The words had scarcely echoed away when a monstrous jaguar, a male, trotted out of the cave, with his ponderous head lowered and his massive shoulders hunched up. Two more jaguars, also males, followed. The three crouched in an irregular line about two yards apart, with their yellow eyes glaring ferociously and their backs bristling from head to tail.

"Take the rifle!" I shouted at Sutton. "Quick, there are two too many!"

"No! Hold your ground. We'll see what happens."

Pablo dropped on to his right knee, holding the spears extended and sloping towards the three massive tiges, the longer spear first, the shorter behind, with the butts of both braced against his knee. Just in time Sutton followed the tigero's example.

For about five seconds the jaguars crouched, then, with short roars like claps of thunder, they sprang high in the air with open mouths and ponderous forepaws and claws outspread.

A pair of them came at Sutton. The butts of his spears flew up and knocked him over on his back. I stopped one of the brutes in mid-air with a bullet in the shoulder, but didn't kill him. He landed on all four feet, then flew like a coiled spring at Bernardo.

Sutton's jaguar had transfixed himself on the two spears and lay there, snarling, gasping, biting and rending at part of the longer spear. This had entered its chest, come out at its shoulder and broken off. Sutton scrambled away from the threshing brute. I stepped forward and put two slugs into its head.

Meanwhile Pablo was scrambling to his feet. He had transfixed his tigre with both long and short spears. Only Bernardo seemed to be in trouble. The tigre I had wounded had sent him reeling, and he was facing it now with only the machete against him and certain death. His back was towards me and he was in a direct line with the crouching tigre. I couldn't shoot without hitting Bernardo.

The great cat sprang. Bernardo flung himself out of its path, swinging the machete viciously and raking its side. I could get the tigre into my sights now, but before I could squeeze the trigger two other shots rang out. The big cat twisted convulsively, then lay still. It had been shot twice through the head.

"YOU see, I was just in time Senior Sutton!" shouted Manuel, standing at the edge of the glade with a smoking rifle in his hands. "Do not leave me at home when next you go hunting tiges with spears."

Wiping blood from their arms and bodies with bunches of leaves, the two tigreros walked up.

"Well, Senior Sutton," said Pablo maliciously, "how did you like the spears? You did well for a beginner — very well."

"Very well," echoed Bernado fervently, "but it is fortunate for us all that there were rifles also."

"You are right," said his brother, gravely, "and to the rifles we shall turn from now on."

That was the beginning of the tigre-hunting among the ruins of the ancient city of Copan. We stayed a week, and gave the two tigreros much practical instruction on the art of shooting straight. At the end of that time they were rich, as riches go amongst Indians. Counting cubs, we killed nineteen jaguars, to the great joy of Pablo and Bernardo, who received from the Government fifty dollars a head, and to the great satisfaction of the cattle-breeders of the Copan district.

But never again did we meet up with three full-grown males at the same time. Nor did we risk our hides again trying to imitate the tigreros technique of spitting leaping jaguars on the points of home-made spears.

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HORROR... YOU CAN HAVE IT WHOLESALE

(Continued from page 31)

coming into Wonsan each day, bringing with them their own supply of bombs, rockets and other weapons from bases to the south, much of our effort had been turned to guarding against the attacks from guerrilla bands which had been bypassed by the ROK "Capitol" Division in its drive toward the Yalu river.

Each night, aviation mechanics, ordnancemen and even cooks, who had worked at their specialties all day, found themselves behind a machine gun or rifle, trying to pierce the blackness for signs of attack. Several attempts had been made during that first week to get through to the line of Corsair fighter-bombers which lined our runway by night but were off at dawn to blast holes in the strength of the retreating Red force.

The first indication I'd had of the Communist reign of fear in North Korea had been on my first day in Wonsan. The Reds had withdrawn only a day before, but they had left their mark. Before pulling out, most of the city's teachers, many of its church leaders and other leading citizens had been lined up on the city pier, tied in groups of four, then either shot or bayoneted before being dumped into the harbor. The tides were such that the bloated, sometimes unrecognizable bodies drifted ashore less than a hundred yards from our headquarters, an old blockhouse-type building which had been dubbed "The Wonsanuvabitch Hotel." Burial crews were kept constantly busy digging graves for the remains of these former civic leaders who had not been trusted by the Reds. All in Wonsan whose loyalties were doubted had met with this treatment, we were told by frightened, war-weary North Koreans in the area.

"This is crazy," I mentioned to Corporal Bob Said, another photographer, from Salt Lake City. "These people are in Communist North Korea, yet they

seem more afraid of their own army than they do of us. How do you explain it?"

"How do you explain anything about this ratrace?" he questioned in return. "The people don't even know the answer."

Death was everywhere. In the first days, the streets of Wonsan were littered with bodies of men, women and children, most turning to decay despite the cold. At a main intersection, the body of a dead horse half blocked the thoroughfare and a new roadway had been formed around the carcass.

These sights were fresh in my mind, along with the sight I had seen that afternoon, when Walter appeared. Just before the sun had started to sink, the roadway down from the mountains behind Wonsan had turned a single, unbroken ribbon of white. At first I hadn't known what it was, then someone had said it was the refugees coming back to their city. With the savage reign of Communist terror which had overrun the city before they had retreated, thousands of citizens had taken to the hills to hide. Some, of course, were hiding from us.

"Makes you kind of wonder," Said muttered as we stood looking up at the mountain. "Makes you wonder how many are refugees and how many are guerrillas."

Walter drove up at that point in a battered, unmarked jeep and went into the broken, shell-pocked room that we had taken over as an office. Said and I followed him in out of curiosity.

"I'm doing some investigating here," he was telling one of our officers, Lt. C. P. Lewis, a former newspaper man who, like myself, had been suddenly transferred from a city desk to a fox-hole and was still having trouble accepting it as a fact.

"Have to get some atrocity pictures and my photographer hasn't shown up," the man was saying. "I need a

photographer for a couple of days. Someone with a good eye and a strong stomach."

Lewis looked past him at me and I felt like going away. I was too late.

"Murphy can do it. He used to be a crime photographer."

That was that. A few minutes later, I was in the jeep with my helmet, pack, Thompson submachine gun (which had cost me a bottle of bonded bourbon) and camera gear.

"Where're we headed?" I asked the man. "And what're we after?"

"Clear up to Hamhung for atrocity pictures. That's what I'm here for."

That was all I ever got out of the man about his assignment. As we bumped along the roadway through Wonsan and into the open, sniper-infested country beyond, I had a chance to look him over. He was big and brawny, in the vicinity of forty, with a shock of greying dark hair that was worn too long to belong to a professional military man.

HE wore a shirt and trousers of standard issue army olive drab and in the corner of his collar was the brass "U.S." emblem, but there was no suggestion of military rank. A fur cap and an issue field jacket with army boots completed his outfit with the exception of a heavy forty-five that was strapped to his belt. He told me I could call him "Walter." That was all I ever heard anyone else call him. I've always suspected, however, that he was a lieutenant colonel in some branch of intelligence. He treated others of that rank as equals, while he showed a marked respect for several full colonels he had happened across at our air strip headquarters.

As we moved out of Wonsan, we were joined by another group, all Republic of Korea soldiers except for one American, a lieutenant colonel wearing the shoulder patch of a member of KMAC — Korean Military Advisory Group. He sat in the front seat of the jeep and cuddled a machine gun as his small command followed us at a respectable distance.

Our first stop was a cave set back a few hundred yards off the roadway. We left the jeep on the muddy set of ruts leading northward and plunged through the underbrush with the lieutenant colonel and several of the Koreans accompanying us. As we neared the mouth of the cave, a peculiar but pleasant odor met my nostrils.

"Smells like a barbecue," I ventured innocently. Walter and the colonel looked at each other.

"Yeah," the colonel agreed shortly. "A barbecue."

It was just that. Several dozen men had been herded into the cave and had then been shot down with Russian-made submachine guns. Gasoline had been hurled over the bodies and a match thrown into the cave opening before the Reds had moved on. One man, only slightly wounded, had escaped from the cave before the flames could reach him. He had told the investigators of the affair.

As I started into the cave, Walter stopped me and handed me a wad of cotton. I watched as he stuffed strands of the white fibre into his nostrils, then did the same.

I had brought flash bulbs and had to use them to light the smoke-blackened interior. It was under the instantaneous flashes that I caught the full horror of the scene. Most of the bodies were black and burned beyond any hope of recognition. Here and there, the skin had broken open with dryness and the white of bones was visible about a face or skull. One man's mouth hung open and the white rows of teeth were a horrible contrast to the burned black of his facial tissues.

I've never eaten barbecued meat since.

IT'S a little over one hundred miles from Wonsan to Hamhung. Each mile held at least one body. It was late the first day that we found the well down which the bodies of the children had been thrown. Just before dark, we came to a small wooden school house. Or it had been a school before it had become a prison.

The rows of benches for classes had been pitched into a pile outside the building and the interior was totally bare — except for the dead. Most wore nothing but the white cotton shirt and trousers of Korean peasants. Most were old men, grey beards hanging nearly to their waists. The curious horsehair hats worn by the senior members of families were scattered about, some of them barely visible beneath the welter of bodies. "Burp" guns had been used on this group, too. They had apparently been lined up against the wall until the first blast, then had crowded together in a huddle in a desperate attempt to use each other as shields. One old man struggled to the last. He lay a bit apart from the others, his body riddled by slugs. His hand had been shattered and was extended toward the wall. The strange brown streaks — four of them — that ran down the whitewashed surface had been left by the man's fingers dipped in his own blood as he had struggled to keep erect. I shot my pictures.

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families," Walter said. "Here it doesn't pay to be head of anything."

We slid past the mass of what had once been humanity and pushed into a rear room. What I saw made me gasp. Nearly twenty bodies were stacked against a wall with the precision of cordwood. Each of the corpses was little more than skin and bones. Most were totally naked.

"Starvation," Walter announced as he stepped closer to look down at the stack. "Starved them to death, then stacked them up back here."

More pictures.

Walter and I pushed out through the rear of the house and looked up toward the top of a low slope. Beyond, we could see a growth of trees. That was all. I was about to turn away, when Walter grabbed my shoulder and pointed toward the top of the hill. I saw what he was pointing at. A single human arm seemed to be sprouting out of the ground.

AS we reached the top of the hill, we found a trench filled with bodies. There were well over a hundred. The trench was some fifty feet long and perhaps five feet deep. It looked as though wave after wave of Koreans had been marched to its edge and gunned down. Most of these were younger men than we had found in the school and there were a few women scattered among them. The majority of the bodies had been stripped of their clothing, apparently marching to the brink of the trench to wait for death.

As I focused on the trench, looking through the range finder, a sudden burst of rifle fire sounded. I looked up quickly, then a heavy hand jerked me to the ground. Bullets dug up the half frozen dirt a few feet away. Walter was on the ground beside me, swearing in cold, seemingly calculated terms. I was a trifle more wild, cursing my own stupidity for leaving my Thompson in the jeep.

"He's in the trees," Walter said. "If he was a decent sniper, we'd both be dead pigeons by now."

A moment later, we heard a fusillade of shots from behind us and I glanced over my shoulder to see KMAC lieutenant colonel and his Koreans charging up the low hill, angling toward the trees. A moment later, there were more shots, then they came out of the trees, swinging their weapons over their shoulders.

"I always said a woman couldn't shoot worth a damn," the colonel told us. He walked on toward the jeep.

The rest was the same. Pictures and bodies. Bodies and pictures. As we

neared the city of Hamhung, Walter turned in the seat of the jeep to look back along the rutted roadway.

"Nightmare Lane," he said thoughtfully. "Where every day is Saint Valentine's Day."

I knew to what he was referring — the St. Valentine's Day massacre in a Chicago garage, when one gang had

lined up members of a rival outfit and gunned them down.

"You're wrong," I told him. "Al Capone was an amateur. The things he could learn here!"

I was almost thrown out of the jeep as Walter swerved to avoid running across another body which lay half buried in the mud. ● ● ●

HUNTING AFRICA'S WORST KILLERS

(Continued from page 35)



this persistence is the story told by Frederick Selous, the famous white hunter. Selous tells of a hunter who mortally wounded a buffalo but failed to drop him. The buff charged and the hunter retreated into a crevice beneath an overhanging rock. There wasn't quite enough room for the hunter to draw himself in completely, and one of his feet was exposed. The buffalo pawed at the foot until the shoe was torn off. Then, unable to reach it any longer with his hoof, the dying buffalo lay down alongside the crevice and began licking the exposed foot. When Selous found them, the buffalo was quite dead, and so was the hunter. He had died from loss of blood, and shock. That rasping, abrasive tongue had sandpapered the flesh completely away from the exposed foot.

The Cape buff is a big powerful animal, and fast. His size is mainly in the forequarters; he has a big chest and practically no neck, which leads to a massive head, protected by wide-spread horns and a heavy boss. All of which makes a head-on shot at a charging buff something of a risk. This is an animal you want to get, and get fast. A 150 grain soft-point bullet is preferred.

Some have been dropped with a single shot, but if you don't get one with your first shot, you'll probably need half a dozen. If you can get a clear shot at the short neck with a heavy bullet, you have a good chance of getting through and smashing the spinal column, thus rendering the animal dead and inoperative. But there

are times when a perfectly aimed neck shot will not drop the animal, but will merely enrage him. The spinal column is protected by some six inches of meat and muscle, and sometimes a bullet will disintegrate in this hard tissue before it hits anything vital.

If a buffalo is charging you, head down, you either have to shoot over the head for the neck, hoping, or under the head, trying to slow him with a chest shot. A shot aimed at the brain will have a fair chance of being deflected by the horns. And a shot into the heart or chest may eventually kill *mbogo*, but not quickly, perhaps not quickly enough. I've known one charging buff to take seven heavy slugs before he gave up. Any one of them should have stopped him! An experienced hunter will always hamstring a downed Cape buffalo before doing anything else. It's the dead ones that do you in, they say. Hamstrung, a "dead" buff can get up, but he can't go after you. And if you've ever had one Cape buffalo after you, you've had enough to last you a lifetime, if you're lucky.

Another king-sized juggernaut is *tembo*, the African elephant, who can call himself the king of beasts without fear, as a politician would say, of successful contradiction. The elephant is a large, peaceful animal, most of the time. The trouble is that when *tembo* isn't feeling peaceable, who's to pacify him? There's nothing around that's larger, or as large. A good-sized East African bull elephant would weigh in at better than four tons, which definitely puts him in the heavyweight

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class. The only larger mammal is the whale, and whales don't live on land.

There are two basic types of elephant: the Indian elephant, which is somewhat smaller than the African, which has comparatively small ears, and the more familiar large-eared African elephant. It is of the latter that we speak. This is an animal that for sheer bulk and brute strength has no equal on any continent. In addition to this, he is smart. Some say smarter than any other animal. That is, he can be taught anything that any animal can be taught. There are stories, too, about the elephant's fabulous memory. These are not necessarily true. Elephants are rugged individualists, and behave accordingly. Some learn quickly, some slowly, the way some people are quick studies and other are not. Similarly, some elephants have good memories, others have good forgetteries.

Elephant have the right of way on African roads. If you see one, remember that. Not that you'd be apt to forget it, because coming across an elephant on a road is quite an impressive sight. And if one doesn't signal with his trunk that he's about to make a left turn you probably won't complain to the nearest traffic cop of a number of reasons. One is that you'll

be glad to see the elephant go; another is that you won't find a traffic cop in all probability, and if you did . . . well!

Giving the right of way to an elephant on an African road is not just a matter of courtesy. As the safe-driving slogan says: remember, the life you save may be your own. An elephant can make a shambles of a car in almost no time. A car would only hurt an elephant.

And then there is always the gory reminder of the story of a driver in the Congo who tried to hurry an elephant on the road. The elephant didn't seem to like this northern bustle and hurry being brought to the equator. He wrecked the car quite thoroughly. Then he tore the impatient driver's arm out of its socket and used it as a club with which to beat a passenger to death. Remember, politeness pays!

An elephant can kill you in a number of ways, most of them connected with his exaggerated size. He can step on you, accidentally or on purpose, he can kneel on you — which would not be accidental — he can pick you up with his trunk and throw you like a railroad mail handler with a sack of mail. He can also get you with his

tusks, but if you've gotten that close to him, he's probably found a simpler way of getting rid of you.

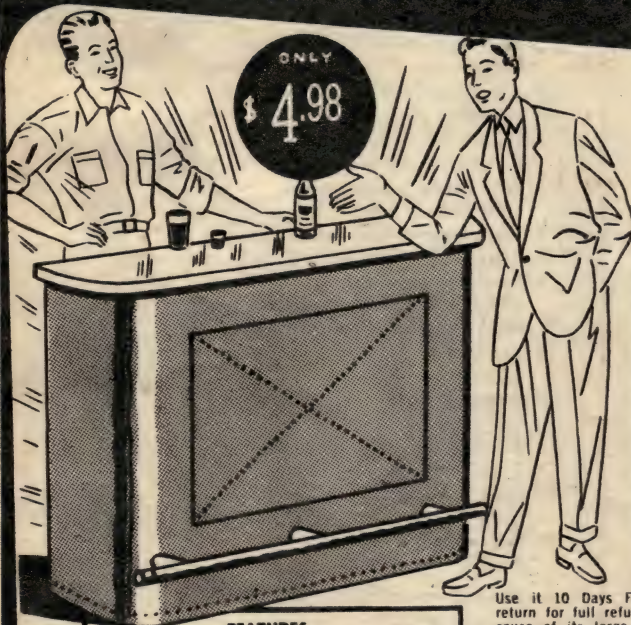
Fortunately, most of the time, the elephant minds his own business and you mind yours. But when he doesn't . . . then beware. An elephant is supposed to be poor of eyesight, but very keen when it comes to hearing and scenting danger. At the first sign of something wrong, the big ears flap forward and stand out, two huge, concave reflectors trying to pick any alien sound out of the air. If anything suspicious is heard, or often if nothing is heard, the long snake-like trunk comes up and weaves back and forth warily, trying to pick one scent out of all those in the air, the scent that might smell danger. If you've lived right, the trunk comes down in time, the ears fold back, and the elephant returns to feeding himself, watering himself, and otherwise minding the store.

IT'S lucky for all of us that the elephant isn't carnivorous. If he were a meat-eater, life would be even tougher than it is. Because the elephant is a bad combination when he's riled: he's tough enough to absorb punishment like a tackling dummy, he's fast enough to get where he wants in a hurry — a lot faster than you want him to, he's smart and full of guile, and he's an all-around dangerous animal. If you've ever stared down the sights of a gun at *tembo* coming at you, the ears extended to a ten-foot spread, the trunk raised, the little mouth open and showing red, the sound of a scream shattering in your ears, and the earth shaking under his tread — brother, if you live to talk about it, you've had enough excitement for more than a lifetime.

But if after all this, you're still looking for some big, impressive type of excitement, go after *faro*, the rhino. This two-horned Sherman tank has been described as being as tough as an 85c. steak, as unpredictable as a tornado, and as dangerous as a teen-age hot rod jockey. He's as difficult to stop as a summer cold, and is cantankerous beyond redemption. He'll charge at the drop of a hint and will tackle anything from you to a locomotive.

Despite all this, the number of people actually killed by these galloping nightmares in any one year is comparatively slight. There are two reasons for this. One is that *faro's* eyesight isn't as good as an eagle's; the other has to do with his short-tempered brain — the rhino, charges, and keeps on going. He doesn't come back to finish off what he's started. That may be due to conceit; he may feel that where he's been, nothing lives. As a result,

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the rhino wounds a lot of people but kills few.

The best way to kill a rhino is open to debate. Everyone agree you need a big-bore rifle — although a number have been killed with single shots from rifles of less than .30 caliber. But it's illegal to hunt big game in parts of Africa with anything smaller than guns of .375 caliber, remember? Some people say a solid bullet is needed to pierce the rhino's armor-plated hide; others say the stopping power of a soft-nosed bullet is necessary. Both may be used. A solid bullet for a head or brain shot, a soft-nosed bullet for neck shooting.

A dead rhino is better than a dead you, no question about it. But what to do with a rhino you've been lucky enough to kill is quite a problem. The huge, two-horned head makes an impressive, but ugly, trophy for your den. The carcass is too heavy to drag very far, the hide is too tough and stiff for wear. You can have the feet made into ash-trays, humidors, or button boxes. The two side hides, which will average a couple of square yards apiece in area, and nearly an inch in thickness, can be turned into amazing table tops by a firm in London (Roland-Wards.) They end up looking like polished amber, and make quite a piece of furniture as well as a conversation piece. Did you ever try asking a girl to come up to your place to see your rhinoceros-hide table top?

Which brings us to another topic. One thing that always seems to have value is the horn of the rhino. The body is fine for lion bait, but that's about all. But the rhino horn always has a value, if you can get it to the right place. The horn of the rhino actually is agglutinated hair rather than bone or ivory. For centuries, ground in a love philter, it has been highly prized in the Orient. The theory (not based on known scientific fact) is that it will make a male more potent sexually, and a female more amorous. This may have sprung up from natives' stories about the rhinos' sex life, which is rather spectacular. At any rate, the Orient thinks ground-up rhino horn is hot stuff, and thinking may make it so. There seems to be a steady market for rhino horn at \$5 a pound.

Those seem to be about the only good things that can be said about the rhino — this big, clumsy, horrible-looking apparition's horns are worth money, and he kills comparatively few people, although wounding a good many. He is quite the opposite of the huge but peaceful looking hippopotamus who kills a good many Africans every year. We'll get to the hippo and the big cats in the next issue.

WAIT

TILL NOON

(Continued from page 39)



at Coppermine, a small settlement, well within the Arctic Circle. Also, I had two passengers.

One was Olaf Swensen, a grinning, good-natured, blond giant. The other was Tim Shane, a short, wiry man with a shock of bright red hair. Olaf was a mining engineer who was returning to his job at Coppermine after a month's vacation. Tim was going to install the machine parts that I was carrying.

The plane being loaded, I spun the prop and climbed in. The skis hissed across the frozen river as the plane picked up speed. After an agonizingly long time, the plane finally became airborne. I glanced back uneasily.

The old single-engine Fairchild was built to carry a terrific payload for its size. However, these machine parts were heavier than I'd expected, and the plane handled sluggishly.

"Well, this isn't the first time I carried an overload," I mumbled. "And it probably won't be the last."

We swung in a wide arc and began the 500 mile flight to Coppermine. It was a perfect flying day, clear, cold, and with a moderate wind.

Crossing Great Slave Lake, we flew over the settlement of Yellowknife. The next civilization would be Coppermine, 350 miles due north.

The scenery changed. The forests disappeared and we started flying over the bleak, barren tundra, for which the Northwest territories are so well known. I glanced back at my two passengers. Sometimes flying over this frozen hell makes a person nervous.

The two men were all right. They had both lived in the Arctic long enough to be used to the desolate white landscape. I sighed and settled back in my seat. We still had almost three hours to go. Suddenly, a black mass splattered across the windshield. I jumped back and stared at it stupidly, not realizing what it was. The sound of the engine snapped me out of my

trance. The engine's pitch climbed from a dull roar to a high-pitched scream. I flicked the magneto switch, and hoped that the bearings hadn't gotten too hot.

"I gotta set her down," I called to the two men. There was no answer.

Finally Olaf called, "What's wrong?"

"Oil line broke," I said. "If we can set down all right, I can probably fix it."

I wasn't worried about fixing the leak or about the lost oil. I always carried extra oil, and most leaks can be patched temporarily.

Two things did worry me, though. One was whether I could land the overloaded plane with a dead engine; the other worry was whether — after the leak was repaired — the engine would start again. It doesn't take too long to burn out an aircraft engine once the oil runs out.

We were losing altitude fast. Too fast. The windshield was still smeared with oil. I pushed open the side window and tried to judge the ground distance.

The ground kept rushing up. Even with full power, the plane had been sluggish. Now the controls were all but useless.

I glanced out the window again. We were coming down much too fast. We were almost on the ground. I pulled back on the stick with all my might. The plane's nose came up a little, but not nearly enough.

We hit. There was a terrific jolt. Then nothing. Another crash. Then blackness.

I opened my eyes slowly. At first I couldn't figure out where I was or what happened. Then I realized. The plane had flipped over. I was hanging head downward, still strapped to my seat.

Releasing the seat belt, I dropped to the roof of the plane. I lay there for a minute while my vision cleared.

Everything seemed to be swimming in front of me.

Something warm and wet covered the side of my face. I felt it with my hand. A thick strand of skin and hair hung down from my temple. It was the blood running from the cut that I had felt.

A groan came from the rear of the plane. My two passengers. I had forgotten all about them.

Grabbing hold of the bulkhead, I pulled myself to my feet. With my first step, I crumpled in a heap. A veil of red pain covered my vision. Sirens screamed in my ears. Blackness covered my head.

Biting my lip and blinking my eyes, I fought off the dizziness. Slowly, the sirens grew fainter and the red haze gave way to white flashes.

As the white flashes lessened, I realized that I'd been hurt more than I thought. I knew my leg was broken. I could now see it twisted at an unnatural angle. What else was wrong, I didn't know. But I knew that I wouldn't try to stand again.

I tried crawling. That worked all right. Slowly, I made my way to the rear of the plane. When I got there, I almost gagged.

Olaf was the first one I reached. His face and head was one bloody mass, and his breath was coming in short, bubbling gasps.

TIM groaned. Leaving Olaf where he was, I made my way to the other man. He was lying in a pool of blood. Both of his legs were badly mashed and bleeding. A long cut, the length of his forearm, was pumping blood steadily.

Ripping his mackinaw with my knife, I was able to make a tourniquet from a strip of his shirt. His legs were bleeding badly too. I also made a tourniquet for them.

Working both men to a fairly level section of the plane, I made them as comfortable as I could. Olaf never made a sound. He just kept gasping for breath. There was nothing I could think of to do to help him. Tim opened his eyes once, groaned, and passed out again.

We were in a bad way, and I knew it. Even if none of us had been hurt, we wouldn't have been very well off. The nearest settlement was almost 200 miles away. As far as I knew, there were only one or two trappers in the area. I had seen no cabins since we'd passed over Yellowknife.

The radio was useless. The aerial was now lying under the plane. And I had noticed the smashed transmitter as I crawled past it. There was nothing to do but wait and hope that someone

would notice our absence.

The temperature in the plane was about zero. Snow, driven by the wind, was sifting in around the cracked bulkheads and smashed windows. I glanced around, looking for something with which to plug up the holes.

Both Tim and Olaf had carried suitcase. Using shirts, pants, and everything else in the bags to plug up the cracks, I soon got the plane fairly tight in the places I could reach. The snow still filtered in through gaps that were out of my reach.

Taking the can of motor oil, I punched a hole in the top, soaked a shirt in it, and made a crude wick. The flame burned a dull orange and seemed almost heatless. Black, sooty smoke began to fill the plane. Even though there were open cracks around the top, it was not enough to take the smoke away. I let the flame burn for a while and then snuffed it out. The smoke was too thick.

UP UNTIL then, I hadn't thought about how I felt. Suddenly I realized that I was trembling like a leaf. Every time I moved my head, the loose flap of skin would bounce against my face. I ripped up another shirt and made a bandage for my head. My leg didn't bother me now; it was completely numb.

The light in the plane began to fade. Without thinking, I glanced at my watch. It was getting late in the evening. Then I realized something. While everything else in the plane was smashed, my watch was still running!

Beginning to feel dizzy, I let myself fall asleep. There was nothing more I could do, and it was too difficult to keep awake. I sat up suddenly, and fell backward with pain. I lay there, gasping and listening. Something had awakened me. *Dim* moonlight filtered through the plane. White frost from our breathing covered everything. Still, I had heard something. Then I heard it again.

It was a lonesome sound, one that can strike fear into the hearts of the bravest men in the Arctic. It was the baying call of a wolf pack.

I lay awake and listened to them. When well fed, these animals are not dangerous, and will usually shy away from a man. But when starved, as they often are, they will attack just about anything that moves or smells like food.

The sound of the pack came closer. I crawled to the cockpit and searched for my pistol. Finding it, I crawled back to my original place. I don't know what help the pistol would have been if the wolves had broken into the plane, but having it near made me feel better.

Not quite as helpless, somehow.

But the pack didn't come close to the plane. I heard their yelping fade away into the distance, and soon fell asleep again.

It was well into morning when I awoke. The sun was shining into the plane. A thick coating of frost covered everything, and made everything glitter as though on fire. Even our clothes were covered with the white blanket. I jumped then. Olaf's face and hand were also covered with the frost. He had died in the night without even waking up.

Then I became conscious of my leg, throbbing dully. I could still crawl without too much pain, but after covering Olaf with some loose clothes there was nothing else to do.

The day passed slowly. Tim opened his eyes occasionally but said nothing. I lay straining my ears in hopes of hearing a plane. There was no sound now except the wind. Finally, I fell into a deep sleep.

I woke up screaming. The sun had long gone down. It was dark in the plane except for the sickly moonlight. The pain in my leg came again. I yelled once more. I tried to nudge my leg into a better position. God only knows how many times I screamed before I finally managed to move the limb to a more comfortable position. I took a handful of snow and sucked on it. Then I fell asleep again.

Morning came. Nothing had changed. I tried to crawl over to Tim but I didn't have the energy to move. Tim was still alive, but his cut had turned a dark grey and was covered with frost.

THE day dragged by slowly. I kept track of the time. It was the only thing I had the energy to do. Once I thought I heard a plane, but I wasn't sure. My leg still kept throbbing, but there was nothing I could do about it.

Tim died some time that night. When I awoke in the morning, his face was covered with frost. I didn't put anything over him. I couldn't move my body at all. My arms still worked all right, but with the exception of reaching for snow and looking at my watch, I was too weak to move.

The fourth night passed. Sometime in the night, I began to run a fever. I felt as though I was burning up. Still, I shivered.

The dawn came slowly. The snow wouldn't relieve my burning thirst. If I tried to look at anything, it swam out of my vision. Pains shot through my body. My leg throbbed constantly.

"Oh Lord, why don't you let me die?" I screamed.

I glanced at my watch. It was 11:30. "I'll wait till noon," I told myself, and

clutched the pistol.

"Why wait for a sure death? I'll wait till noon. Why prolong the agony? I'll wait till noon. Why not do it now? I'll wait till noon. No help will come. I'll wait till noon."

I kept up the argument with myself. Taking the watch off, I held it in my hand. Ten minutes more. Five minutes. I cocked the pistol. Four minutes. Tick tick tick. Three minutes. Tick tick tick. Two minutes. Tick tick —

I stared at the watch. I shook it. I screamed. IT STOPPED!

I threw the watch across the plane. I yelled and cursed. I threw the pistol after the watch. I screamed and trembled. And I passed out.

I wasn't unconscious for long. My eyes popped open and my mind cleared. I thought of what had happened. I had always fought for everything I got, nothing had ever come easy to me, and I had almost taken the easy way out. I snorted at myself in disgust. Well, I wasn't going to take the easy

way out now. No. I'd wait for death. I'd lie right there and wait. Death would have to come after me.

I was flying again. I could hear the engine's roar. I was sitting at the controls. There was the field. Ease up on her now. Come in slow, nice and slow and easy. Skis touching. Slight bounce. Bring her in. Cut the engine.

My eyes snapped open again. I was still in my wrecked plane. I'd only been dreaming. But what a dream. I would have sworn I was in that plane. I would have sworn I'd heard that plane.

Footsteps. I hear footsteps. I do hear footsteps, crunching in the snow. It was a plane I'd heard.

"Hello, anybody in there?" a voice called from outside. "Inside the plane there, anybody home?"

"Lord, yes," I called back.

"Well, don't just sit there, ask me in."

"Be my guest," I called back.

I could hear him breaking in through the smashed door as I passed out again.

• • •

"Just because I say I killed a man, when you know what a liar I am?" he asked aggrievedly.

"What do you want of me? An advance against your pay as my agent?"

"Oh, no. I simply could not run away without saying goodbye, and letting you know where I'll be!"

"So I can set the *Guardia* on you!"

"You are my friend, you would not do this to me!"

"The other way around, would you do it for me?"

"That might be different. It would depend on which way I could make the most money or drink the most rum!" He grinned again. "Goodbye, my good friend. Please put out your light and see me to the woods beyond your door. The police may be close."

I helped the murderer escape. Outside in the moonlight he ran with deceptively awkward strides—each easily twelve feet long — into the woods across from my house. Those woods stretched almost unbroken to the Cibao, Columbus' "Royal Meadow." In the woods no man could catch Fonso. I'd several times walked right behind him through jungles other men called impenetrable.

I turned to meet my wife's eyes.

"Accomplice of a murderer!" she said.

"Why didn't you protest?"

"HE'S out of our hair, which is more important. He probably killed somebody like himself, and good riddance!"

We didn't tell my three-year-old son, with whom Fonso was a favorite. My kid used to try to sit on his razor-sharp lap while Fonso told spook tales and stuffed the boy with forbidden candy, probably stolen.

I had first seen Alfonso Bustamente some months before. I had just become Assistant Brigade Intelligence officer when a Dominican named Vicioso, one of my first paid assistants, came to me in the Intelligence Office.

"Fonso wants to see you," he said, deadpan.

"Fonso?" I said. "Who is Fonso?"

"Alfonso Bustamente. He's wanted, dead or alive. He's never been granted amnesty. He never will be."

I looked him up in the files, unable to believe my eyes when I saw his record. He'd been in every revolution, on one side or the other and frequently both, the Dominican Republic had staged for forty years and more. Wholly illiterate, he had even held general officer rank. I had never seen him, thought it impossible he could be alive so long since the Marines had mopped up other Dominican bandits. I almost doubted there was such a person.

"What's the fellow want?"

FONZO THE TRIGGER MAN

(Continued from page 27)



door at the same time, and jammed the automatic into my visitor's right side. He chuckled with glee.

"Even if someone paid me five dollars to kill you, *teniente*," he said, "I wouldn't be able to guess for sure just where you'd be when the door opened. The last five times I come, I've missed it every time."

"If I'm lucky, Fonso," I said. "You'll never guess."

"You'll be luckier," he answered, "if nobody hires me to shoot you."

Neither of us was joking. One thing about Alfonso Bustamente: he always faced the men he killed, though he always had some trick that gave him the advantage.

"*Teniente*, my good friend . . ." he began as he walked past me, stooping even for my high door, showing snagged teeth in a wide grin under drooping buccaneer mustaches, leaving his broadbrimmed hat on as always. "I just killed a man, down on the Terrezana."

The Terrezana was down near the

Ozama River docks, inside the old walls reputedly erected by Diego Columbus.

"Friend or foe?" I asked, not sure if he was joking.

"Friend," he replied. "I did it for nothing. We were drinking together, and there was an argument. I regret it deeply: he was buying the drinks."

"Shoot him?" I asked, noting that he carried no visible weapon.

"Oh, no! There is a law of the Marines about carrying weapons. I would not break this law. I knocked my friend's brains out with a rock! Now I must leave quickly, go back into the woods where we first met, you and I. You can find me there when this all blows over."

"You have your nerve!" I snapped at him as he sat down and spread the bony knees of his long legs wide. He was reed-thin and some inches over six feet tall. He'd been born dirty and stayed that way. "You know I'm Assistant Brigade Intelligence Officer. It's my duty to arrest you."

"To be an agent, like me. But he can be had for less money."

"How much?"

"Drinking money. He doesn't know how much. My guess is about eight dollars a month."

Vicioso drew twelve dollars monthly.

"Let's go see him," I said. "Where is he?"

"I'll take you into the area where he is. If he feels safe he'll show himself when we start walking."

We went to the edge of the woods near San Isidro, east of Ozama River, on the rough old road between Santo Domingo City and San Pedro de Macoris. We left the Ford with its driver and I followed Vicioso into the woods. We followed a winding trail through the gloom. We broke out into a clearing of about half an acre in extent, where a kind of rye grass grew to a height of about four feet.

ALFONSO Bustamente began to rise out of that grass like a dazed jack-in-the-box. First, the sloppy, floppy broad-brimmed black felt hat. Then a cadaverous straggly whiskered thin face below piercing black eyes. The face was "horse" and I wouldn't have been surprised if it had whinnied.

This famous character was a scarecrow.

He pulled his forelock with a long, bony, indescribably dirty hand.

"Que hay, *teniente*?"

"I'm all right," I said. "You're Alfonso Bustamente?"

"Colonel Alfonso Bustamente," he said, grinning to show snagged teeth. "My dearest friends call me 'Fonso.'"

"You're the man they say has murdered thousands of Dominicans in revolutions here?"

"I don't know how many," said 'Fonso.

"He can't count above ten," said Vicioso, "like ten dollars or ten quarts of rum."

"You know your life is in my hands, Bustamente?" I said grimly. "I could shoot you down here and now, and get a commendation for it."

"Could you?" he grinned, suddenly flashing a Colts .45 on me. It was my own Colts. When last I had been aware of it it had been in my holster. He spun the weapon as I had never learned to, then tendered it to me butt first. "It isn't too well balanced," he said.

"I could shoot you now," I persisted.

"You could," he said, "but it would be a mistake, even if you moved fast enough." He whistled shrilly. The barest of rustling sounds and the woods spouted Dominicans, some of them almost as tall as 'Fonso. They were armed with pearl-handled pistols, revolvers,

and *pata de mulas*, "mules' legs", or sawed-off rifles. "My sons and other near relatives, *teniente*. One must stay alive, you know, to enjoy rum and jig-a-jig."

"Jig-a-jig" wasn't necessarily reserved to the married state.

"I won't take all your relatives with me," I said.

"Just tell my boys that you'll bring me back here if we don't make a deal."

I heard myself guaranteeing this weird man's safety. I noted that young Vicioso regarded 'Fonso with almost abject respect. His "sons and other relatives" watched him with adoration in their eyes.

"You stand out like a target," I said. "Ride back with me and who's to stop your enemies from shooting you from ambush?"

"Every place I have one enemy," said 'Fonso "I have two friends to watch him."

"Or her?"

"No woman enemies!"

In a kind of daze I sat with Bustamente in the back seat of the official car. He looked about him as we crossed the bridge into Santo Domingo City.

"Must be years since you were here," I suggested. "You've been wanted for at least five."

"I'm in the city five or six times a week," he said calmly.

I dismissed the car at Plaza Colon to try an experiment. I walked up Calle Independencia with Bustamente, watching the faces of the men and women we met. I doubt if we met one adult who didn't recognize 'Fonso and show some respect for him, which he largely ignored, or a child who hadn't heard about him.

"They think I've arrested you. Bustamente," I said.

"If they did," he retorted, "they'd take me away from you if they had to take you apart to do it!"

One of my agents was a famous woman, a Porto Rican, Luisa Palmer, black, loyal, fearless. She was my top agent because she knew everybody in the Republic who was or had been anybody. She'd been mistress of most of them. I paid her fifteen dollars a month and rented a shack for her, her husband, son and daughter, on Calle Palo Hincado. I never hired an agent without having her pass on him. I led Bustamente into the shack. With Luisa was Felipe Espinal. When Luisa saw Bustamente she shrieked and cursed him in language even the Marines didn't know. Felipe flung himself at 'Fonso with a bright knife in his hand. Bustamente laughed with joy. His left hand shot out, grabbed Espinal's knife-hand. His right hand had the knife before Espinal, Luisa or I knew what

had happened.

"Where did you get that *hijo de la gran puta*?" demanded Luisa.

"One of your lovers?" I asked. Luisa's husband was out somewhere with son and daughter.

No, "Bustamente answered for her, "I am a very particular man!"

LUISA was on him like a wildcat. Bustamente laughed and grabbed her elbows, lifted her at arms' length.

"Particular?" spat Luisa. "This unspeakable filth would jig-a-pig a *maja*!" A *maja* is a small boa constrictor, often a pet in Cuban and Dominican jungle shacks and huts. "I would no more let him touch me than I'd let black scorpions crawl between my breasts or my legs!"

Bustamente laughed. Luisa suddenly burst out laughing. Felipe Espinal merely looked mad, and scared. If I hadn't been present, I knew, and of course Espinal knew, Bustamente would have gutted him with his own knife.

"What have you against 'Fonso?" I asked Espinal.

"Five years in prison for a murder I didn't do!" said Espinal. "I was a soldier, years ago, in the ranks at the *fortaleza*, Puerto Plata. This unspeakable . . ."

"Colonel Bustamente," said Bustamente quietly, unsmiling.

"Colonel Bustamente," said Espinal, gulping, turning a dirty gray. "He was commander of the regiment. A general was coming from Santiago to inspect us. We were lined up in our best for it. Colonel Bustamente looked us over first to make sure we were neat and clean. The man next to me had a dirty rifle, so Colonel Bustamente drew his pistol and shot him dead. Just then the general arrived, so the Colonel thrust the pistol into the front of my shirt, told the general the dead man and I had trouble, and I went away for five years. This is the first time I have seen him since. I've never forgotten or forgiven."

"Better forgive and forget," said Bustamente. "We'll drink on it after I've drawn some of my pay for working with you two."

"You hiring this man, *teniente*?" demanded Luisa.

"What do you know about him?"

"Enough to keep talking for a week! I'll give you some high points. He's been a colonel in federal forces and in revolutionary forces at the same time. As a revolutionist he led his troops against the federals by day, as a federal officer he chased revolutionists by night. He's changed sides with every new kind of liquor, or whichever side had the more, or whichever side at-

tracted the wildest women. He can't read or write, but once when the revolutionists won he was made director of the post office. He ripped out all the boxes, sold them for junk, and went on a big drunk with the money. No matter which side he was on, when prisoners were taken he insisted on executing them personally. He captured one of my lovers once, with most of his men, and I saw him shoot them all down, one at a time."

"Could I shoot them more than one at a time, Luisa?" said Bustamente mildly. "Be reasonable."

"He leveled his revolver at their faces," Luisa went on. "He rested on the raised wrist of his left hand. He shot them in the head or heart, depending on whether they were tall or short!"

Bustamente chuckled. "Good thing I'm not scared of spooks. What a lot would be chasing me."

"Here's how I first met 'Fonso,'" said Luisa. "President Ramon Caceres had just been assassinated. He wasn't dead, but he had been shot to pieces and wouldn't live out the night. Tadeo Alvarez was *commandante de armas* of Fort Ozama. I was his *matrimonia*, what you call mistress. I jig-a-jig . . ."

"I know, I know! . . . I said hastily.

"When word came of the assassination, that it had happened while 'Mon Caceres was driving along the Lower Carretera, Tadeo sent a regiment of troops out along the road with orders to kill every man, woman and child who couldn't explain his presence on the highway at that time. The road was bloody, *teniente*. I saw it afterward. But only one of the assassins was taken. 'Mon Caceres had broken his leg with the only shot he had time to fire. This started a revolution led by politicians eager for the Presidency. Tadeo Alvarez was a hero for what he had done. So the head of the new revolution, forming an army quickly out around Seibo . . ."

"Hato Mayor, 'Bustamente corrected her.

" . . . decided that Tadeo Alvarea should be assassinated. He chose a killer . . ." she looked at Bustamente.

"Me," Bustamente nodded. "I tell it here for awhile. I was handsome in those days, as Luisa was," she looked furious, ready to claw again, but I frowned her down. "I looked grand in my revolutionary colonel's uniform. My general asked me if I would kill Tadeo. I said I would. He told me to be careful, but I saw no reason. I walked alone into Santo Domingo, with two beautiful pearl-handled pistols in my belt. I wore a better hat."

"No one has ever seen him bare-headed," said Luisa. "His head prob-

ably hasn't any top."

"That you don't know!" said Bustamente. "To go on. People gave me the street as I walked into the city, just as they did today; you saw them, *teniente*? I didn't look back. Nobody was going to shoot me from behind. It is known that I turn quick and shoot fast. I walked right up to Tadeo's door. His sentries saluted me. I banged on the door with the butt of one of my pistols. I swore loudly when it didn't open. Finally it did. A woman stood there, a black woman, not very good looking!"

"Why you dirty . . ." began Luisa.

"I told her," Bustamente went on calmly, "that I was Alfonso Bustament, Colonel in the army of His Excellency — who was it, Luisa, I've forgot?"

"General Alfredo Ruid!"

"I said Alfredo had sent me to assassinate Tadeo. I told this black woman to take me to Tadeo. Naturally, I thought she was a servant!"

"You never thought in your life," said Luisa. "You never knew what color a woman was. Nobody ever knew your color, either, because you never washed. Anyway, I didn't know what to do. 'Fonso marched in as if he owned the place. We were having a big drinking party. Anything was an excuse for a party. 'Fonso marched right to the table where the drinks were and helped himself. I went to Tadeo, who was in the bedroom. I told him a tall skinny man in colonel's uniform had come to kill him. He asked me if the man had gone right to the drinks, and I said yes. He said, then, that we would give him a little time. So we . . ."

"Never mind, Luisa," said Bustamente, "all Santo Domingo knows you were one of Tadeo's women."

"The *only* one, while I was!" she snapped.

"I have to admit that, from all I've heard," nodded Bustamente. "Whoever had you had enough."

"Thank you, 'Fonso. That's the first nice thing you ever said to me!" said Luisa. "When Tadeo had used up enough time," she placed her forefinger beside her nose, grinned and looked wise, "he dressed and went out to Alfonso. I followed to see what would happen. Tadeo walked right up to 'Fonso. I hear, he said, that you've come to kill me?"

"I have, I said," said Bustamente. "Are you ready to die?"

"Tadeo said he was ready as he would ever be," said Luisa. "But he said it would be sporting if he first had a drink with his assassin. 'Fonso agreed. They filled glasses, touched them, broke the glasses over their shoulders

on the tile floor."

"Then I drew both my pistols," said Bustamente, "looked sternly at Tadeo, spun the pistols and presented him the butts. I said — what did I say, Luisa? It seems to be hazy."

"You said," said Luisa, "that you couldn't assassinate a man who had such good liquor. As Tadeo accepted your surrender, you fell flat on your face at his feet!"

"Lie!" bellowed Bustamente. "I never drank enough in my life to fall! There isn't that much liquor!"

"You fell on your face, 'Fonso."

The man looked at me and grinned. "I couldn't call a lady a liar," he said. "It's politer to shoot her! I just don't remember, so maybe she's right."

Bustamente was with me until the fresh "murder" on the Terrezana. Next day, I investigated. A man *had* been murdered on the Terrezana, and police and Dominican troops were hunting the murderer — who had dashed the victims brains out with a rock! Nobody mentioned Bustamente and I felt guilty.

THREE nights later, just as I was dropping off to sleep, the familiar knock came at the door. I didn't bother to dodge or anything this time, which was as good a surprise as any.

"You fool!" I said. "They'll have you sure. You'll face a firing squad. And you're drunk, besides."

"I am not drunk," Bustamente said, marching in and sitting down. "I drink but I am never drunk. Know who bought the drinks?"

"Where you're concerned, I can believe anything," I said. "You'll tell me the man you murdered bought the drinks."

He gave his squeaky laugh.

"That's right. You knew? I only found out this afternoon that I didn't kill him. I only knocked out one of his eyes. Now we're friends again."

He looked at me coldly. "You could have told me," he said. "There I was, hiding out, no rum, no jig-a-jig, no . . ."

"None?" I asked. "Nothing at all?"

He shrugged. "Well," he said. "Maybe a little."

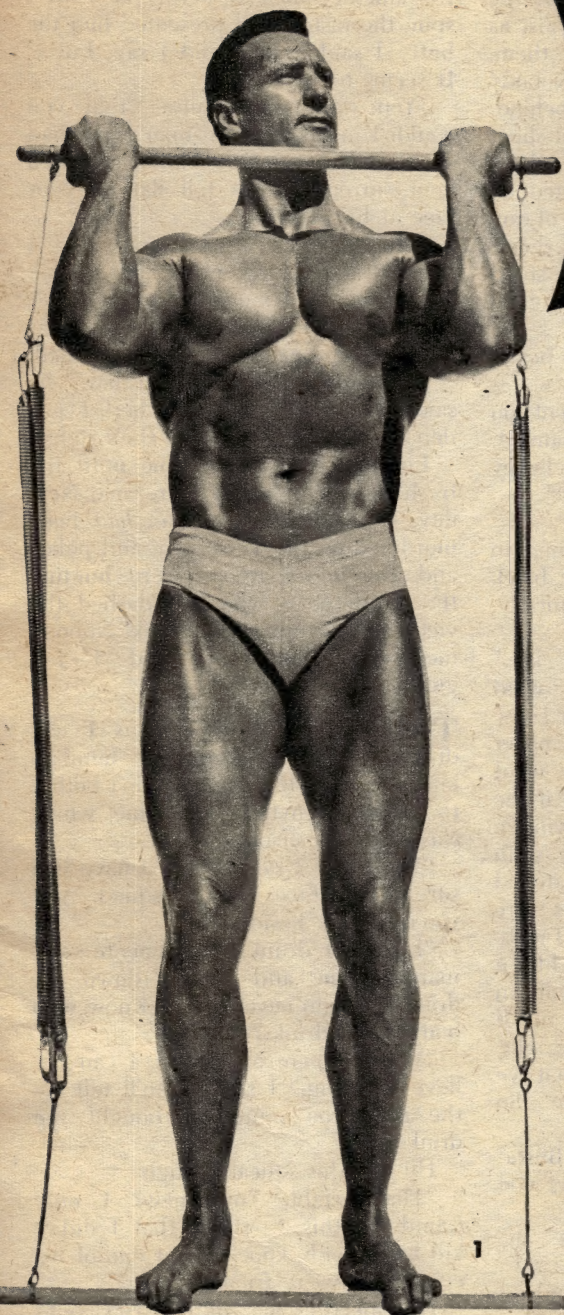
I shook my head. "What am I going to do with you?"

"*Teniente*, it's simple," he said. "You just put me back on your payroll. I sometimes need a little money to buy a friend a drink."

I put him back on the payroll. He was worth it.

Later, when I said goodbye and came back to the States, Bustamente wept like a baby. There was no one like me, he said, which was a lie. But I could say the same thing of him and be telling the truth.

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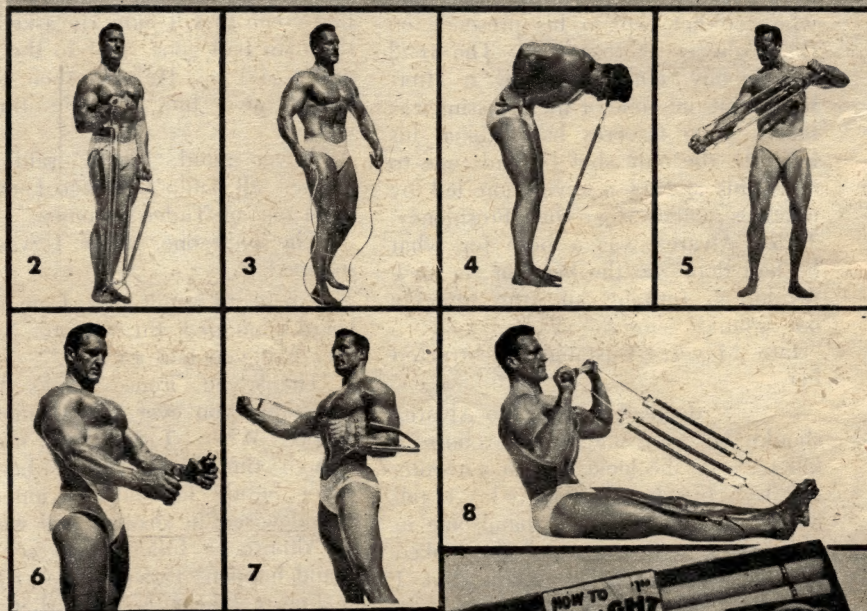
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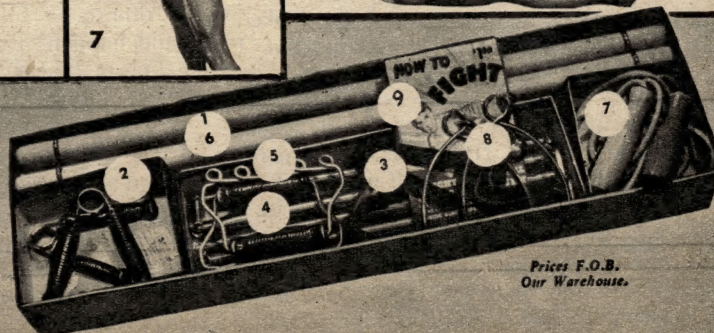
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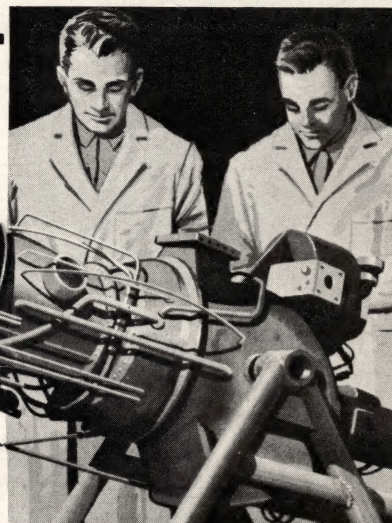
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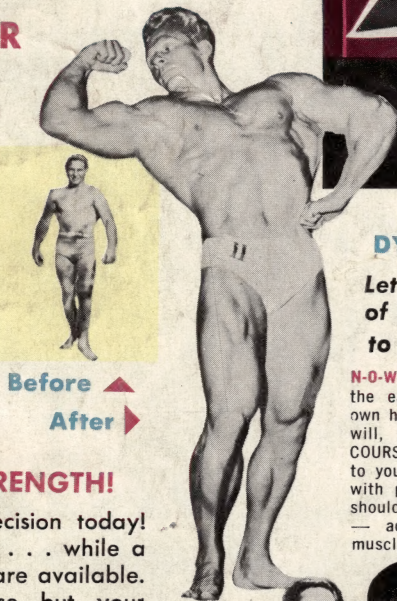
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